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Ye Guilelesse Barde

I wiste he was a Guilelesse Barde,
Five ore to place his Spouse
He wrought a wile of poesie
Alle daye within ye house.

He fetcched ye screde untre ye Dame,
And when she thid ye ade.
She dealt hym lord a buffelunge
Wherat hys blue blude flourid.

Ye lynes were hretty gres grough,
And thalle whyche caused ye stryfe
Was ~~butte~~ ye fyfth that he chuse:
"Ye Barde to hys firste wyfe!"



Sarasate's First Public Appearance.

ONE evening we were alone in the drawing-room of the apartments at the Hotel Dieudonné, where Sarasate invariably puts up when in London. Otto had wished us good-night, and retired to bed. A waiter came in carrying a tray with two glasses and a bottle of Lager beer, which is the favourite drink of the Paganini of modern times. After leaving the tray on the table, the waiter withdrew, and shortly after came in again with a bedroom candle already lighted, and after depositing it on the table he left us. We pledged one another's health and drank. I could not resist the desire to obtain some particulars anent the first great event of his artistic life. With that seductive simplicity so natural to him, he replied as follows:—

"I must confess to you that my first public examination left one of the most profound and unexpected impressions which I have received in the course of my life. When I arrived in Paris it was the end of January. I went to reside at the Conservatory, where there were already twenty-four pupil boarders—twelve instrumentalists and twelve for singing. In order to be admitted it is necessary not only

that there should be a vacancy, but also that an examination should be passed. One hundred francs was the price of our board and lodging, the former being very middling and not over-abundant. On my arrival, the course had already been commenced four months before. Wishing to make up for lost time, I had to study and work with extraordinary perseverance, because, in order to aspire to the prize, I had to go through the ordeal of a competitive examination in the month of April, without which I could not hope to receive the prize. My fears were well founded, considering that my colleagues had seven months' tuition, whilst I had had hardly one and a half.

"I had, however, the satisfaction of being approved of in the April examinations, and this encouraged me; but how far was I from the belief that I should gain the prize, and still less such a prize as that awarded to me!

"The prize examination consisted of two exercises, in one of which all the students played consecutively the same piece of music, which had been prepared a fortnight previously, and in the other a piece promiscuously selected.

"What an effect it produced upon me to find myself upon the platform of the hall of the Academy of Music, surrounded by a public so numerous and intelligent!

"Auber, the Director of the Academy, was amongst those composing the jury, and Rossini, Gounod, and Thomas were present as visitors.

"Finding myself in the presence of such a public and such a jury, I was much affected, and feared I should not be able to play; but shortly I became more possessed, and played with the same tranquillity as I had done in my class, before my professor, Alard, and my fellow-students.

"It would be an untruth if I told you I performed badly, because I played in the best style I then knew; but I can assure you that I believed within myself that it was possible to play much better, and this opinion I have since confirmed.

"Shortly afterwards I was recalled to the platform, without the violin.

"Auber, addressing himself to me, said,—

"'Monsieur . . . ?'

"When the public heard a boy in a blouse addressed as 'Monsieur,' they laughed loudly, and I, much perturbed at hearing this laughter, lost my composure, as I feared I was about to be told I was not worthy of the prize to be offered.

"You can yourself imagine the effect produced upon me then, when Auber, in the midst of a dead silence, addressed to me these words,—

"'Monsieur de Sarasate, the jury unanimously concur not to award this year more than one first prize for the violin, and as unanimously agree that you should be the student to whom this should be adjudicated.'

"I heard loud applause from the public (the first I had heard in my life), and I then retired; but before arriving at the exit of the stage, my professor, Alard, no longer able to contain his impatience, advanced to the platform, and taking me in his arms embraced me affectionately.

"'Tell me what I can buy for you,' he said; 'and no matter what it may be, I will purchase it for you to-day.'

"'To-day?' I exclaimed, between admiration and incredulity.

"'Yes, to-day; no matter what it may be.'

"'I wish,' I replied, 'a large box of leaden soldiers of infantry, artillery, and cavalry.'

"He bought them the same day, and when I received the box I thought myself the happiest mortal on earth.

"Rossini caressed me tenderly, and Auber directed me to be taken to a photographic studio, in order that my portrait might be taken, in my blouse of course; and when a few days afterwards the portrait was delivered, he ordered it to be hung in the directors' office, where it remains to this day.

"How many times," said Sarasate, "when afterwards I have had valuable presents made to me by emperors and kings, have I compared in my mind the effect produced upon me by the reception of these, and that occasioned by the receipt of that famous box of leaden soldiers. The cases containing the jewellery and decorations which have been presented to me were of much more intrinsic value, but the pleasure I felt when my earliest wish was gratified, as a reward of the first-fruits of my triumph, has never recurred to me; and of all the valuable presents I have since received, not one has affected me so much as my famous box of leaden soldiers."

Richter Concerto.

THE Richter concerts came to a close on Monday, July 20th, when the programme included a novelty, Dr. Villiers Stanford's setting of Thomas Campbell's poem, "The Battle of the Baltic" as a ballad for chorus and orchestra. The composer has already shown in his "Revenge" that he can write skilful and stirring descriptive music, and in the present ballad he again gives us a picture of great artistic merit. After a short orchestral *ritornello*, the tune which furnishes the germ of the greater part of the work is given out by the chorus beginning with the words—

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown.

There is a thoroughly realistic description of the battle, after which the quiet passage, "Then Denmark blest our chief," comes with considerable effect. The triumphant shout, "Now joy, Old England, raise," is set to appropriate strains, and the quiet passage, "Soft sigh the winds of heav'n o'er their grave," brings the ballad to a quiet but striking close.

Beethoven's Choral Symphony was of course the chief work of the evening. The three instrumental movements were admirably performed. Miss Alice Esty, Miss Damian, Mr. Barton M'Guckin, Mr. Watkin Mills, and the

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Richter Choir, took part in the choral work, and if the result was not altogether so satisfactory as in the instrumental portion of the work, the composer must by no means be held blameless. The programme commenced with Weber's chivalric overture to "Euryanthe," and it served to remind one of the interesting revival of that opera by Dr. Hans Richter at Drury Lane nearly ten years ago. Mr. Barton McGuckin sang Lohengrin's "Herkunft" with artistic taste. The programme included also the "Kaisermarsch." There was a large attendance, and the eminent conductor was applauded with enthusiasm at the close.

School Music in Australia.

By S. M'BURNEY, MUS. DOC.

"**A**RE the Australians musical?" is a question often asked, and I think there is abundant evidence to prove that at least they have the musical temperament, although, with the self-confidence of youth, they may be inclined to rate themselves too high. In the towns, every second house in the smallest streets has its piano, and teachers of music are almost as plentiful as dressmakers. In the bush, I have known a mining village in which, on the authority of the local agent, there were forty or fifty 120-guinea Erards, each carried for many miles on a dray dragged by bullock teams over an almost untraversable road.

Where, except in Melbourne, do you find a liberal committee giving one musician £5000 for six months' work? and where could you find a body of singers who, for six months, devote three or four nights weekly to concerts and rehearsals of high-class music? Where is the biggest organ in the world? In Sydney, of course, the New South Welshman will tell you. And whence comes the latest *prima donna*, Madame Melba? From the land of the Southern Cross.

And, undoubtedly, good artists have been well received in their Australian tours, although, alas and alack! I have seen Madame Urso lose on every concert, and Wilhelimj play to a half-empty town-hall. But things are improving now, and the performances of the Victorian Orchestra have so educated the public taste that I should say it stands almost on a level with most English audiences. Sir Charles and Lady Hallé made a most triumphant tour last year, and are apparently doing the same now. By the way, as an example of colonial enthusiasm, I heard of a young lady who followed the Hallés to Sydney and Brisbane, and back to Melbourne, in order to be present at every concert they gave! This, of course, means time and money, as well as musical taste, and may explain in some degree why Australians are able to be more musical than less-favoured nations. Then there are two large Liedertafels, or male choirs, which have given successful concerts, and filled the town-hall to overflowing for years past. Not only does one hear first-class part-singing, but almost all the artists of note (vocal or instrumental) who have visited Melbourne have appeared in connection with their concerts.

In the larger cities fine organs and paid choristers are to be found, with a somewhat elaborate musical service, even in Presbyterian and Congregational churches. Every little bush congregation, often with no place of meeting but the local State school, aims at

having a harmonium or American organ amongst its first requisites, and the Sunday evening is often passed at the house of the most conveniently-situated settler's, in singing Moody and Sankey's hymns.

It is therefore natural to expect that singing should have been provided for in the Education Code of the colonies, and for at least twenty-five years it has been a subject of instruction. But the regulations for imparting instruction, and the musical results, vary greatly.

In Victoria, there are special music teachers, who must pass an examination before being allowed to teach. They are generally appointed to a given district, having a certain number of schools to attend, sometimes all in one town, at others within reach of the railway, or only negotiable on horseback. Again, a headmaster or assistant passes the examination, and teaches in his own school, for which he is paid. This year, I believe, the fiat has gone forth that singing is to be taught in every school, and the headmaster or mistress is to be held responsible; but I do not know how it is working, although I thoroughly agree with the principle. I am afraid there is a good deal of rough singing in the Victorian schools from the specimens I have heard, the *suaviter in modo* being rather overwhelmed by the *fortiter in re*. The sight-singing was not very striking except in one or two schools, and these chiefly where Tonic Sol-fa was used. The system in general use is that known as the *Numeral Tonic* method, in which the Staff Notation is used, but the pupils sing by figure, 1 being the key-note, 2 the supertonic, 4 the subdominant, 5 the dominant, etc. The figures seem to me very unmusical, and in some schools the *Movable Doh* is used instead, with the Italian syllables instead of the numerals.

There is a certain plausibility in the use of figures, as it is argued that the children already know the order in which they come. But experience proves that the mere fact of knowing that 6 is a fourth above 3 does not by any means imply the ability to sing the interval wanted. My own belief is that the majority of people do not sing by interval at all, but by a recognition of the quality or tone-character of the note to be struck (as connected with the tonic), just as we recognise the members of a family by their features and not because they are sitting on a row of chairs at certain distances apart.

In New South Wales the singing is much sweeter than in the neighbouring colony. Tonic Sol-fa is generally employed, except in Sydney, where an energetic musical director strongly favours the Staff in all but the lower classes. For many years every teacher has been expected to teach singing, and although it is not very methodical in some places the results are fairly good.

Queensland permits both notations, with a tendency to favour the Staff, and the teachers are again expected to give the lessons themselves. I found in Brisbane two very good schools, one trained on the Staff and one on Tonic Sol-fa. The Hullah method was also in use, but the results did not compare favourably with the others.

Tasmania was formerly wholly given over to Hullah, but a reaction in favour of Tonic Sol-fa set in some six or eight years ago, and among the requisites for three imported English masters was the ability to teach the new method, with a view to introducing it in the training schools.

It is several years since I was in South Australia, and at that time Tonic Sol-fa was taught generally in the State schools, but I was only able to examine one school, on account of the holidays, and that was scarcely a fair test.

Since then a Chair of Music has been established in Adelaide, but what effect it has had on school music I cannot say.

New Zealand permits either notation to be used, but leaves each province to arrange its own details. Thus, in Auckland, Tonic Sol-fa was the recognised method, and when I was there three music inspectors had charge of three districts, in which they gave lessons, directed the teachers, and taught the pupil-teachers. In the other districts each school teacher was allowed to teach in his own way, and in some cases very fair singing was to be heard. The high schools and training colleges for teachers, under Government, generally have a special music teacher to give the singing lessons—the notations varying in different places.

It will be seen from these remarks that music is not neglected in the educational system of the colonies, and it must be remembered that a much larger proportion of the population attend the Government or State schools than attend board and denominational schools in England. Not only so, but all classes are constantly found attending these schools, which are frequently the only schools within reach and hold their own in point of excellence against private institutions. The teaching of music in Government schools should therefore have important results in developing musical feeling, and if properly conducted must be a great factor in evolving musical nations from the colonies beneath the Southern Cross.

Sarah Bernhardt in Australia.

THE *Temps* publishes the following extracts from a letter written by a French resident at Sydney with reference to Sarah Bernhardt's visit to Australia:—"You are aware that I was granted the favour of keeping Sarah Bernhardt's dogs. We have a six months' quarantine for dogs, and Sarah Bernhardt was in despair at the idea of her dogs being put into such a place. The Minister of Posts had promised her upon her arrival that she should be allowed to keep them, but the same evening a member of the Opposition addressed a question to the Government and asked if this was true, and the Minister of Agriculture was compelled to say that the dogs were in quarantine. But, in order to conciliate Sarah, my laboratory was declared a 'branch quarantine,' and so Star and Chouette are under my charge. I do not know whether I have ever spoken to you of Sarah, but there was a time when I went quite mad over her. I had her photograph all over the place, and now she comes to see me in my own house, and I am able to be of service to her. The day after I was introduced to her, the golden voice said to me 'You are a darling' (*Vous êtes un amour!*). I have a credit of £7 opened for me by the Ministers of Mines and Agriculture, and with this I have purchased a new carpet, and I have had a flagstaff placed at the side of the wharf opposite my house, so that I may be able to hoist the tricolour when she comes. I have also bought twelve bottles of Moet and Chandon, and I have an ivory comb for combing Star and Chouette. In short, all is ready for the reception of the divine Sarah. Each week I send her to Melbourne, where she is now playing, a bulletin as to the health of her dogs, and no one can be prouder than I am when the telegraph brings me back her thanks. You can form no idea of what her reception was like.

A tug decorated with the tricolour went out to fetch her from the steamer, and speeches of welcome were made by the president of the committee and the Minister of Posts, while an address signed by us all and printed on vellum with a red and gilt binding was presented. The next day the mayor, in full dress, accompanied by the mayoree and the whole of the municipality, received her at the town-hall. At least a thousand persons were invited, but many more came. Sarah was with the mayor in a large saloon, and each person, upon entering, gave his or her card to the usher, who called out the name in a loud voice. The presentation was then made by the mayor, and Sarah gave the visitor her hand to kiss. That lasted an hour, and the company then assembled in the grand hall, where the large organ played three or four pieces, including the 'Marseillaise.' Two Ministers were present at this reception, and at six in the evening Sarah started by special train for Melbourne, the Governor's private saloon being placed at her disposal.

Similar Musical Phrases in Great Composers.

HAVE thought it interesting to note, says Mr. Richard Hoffman in *The Century*, some curious instances of the same musical phrase being conceived by different great composers. Those that to the best of my knowledge I imagine to have been the first, I have put in the original key:

MEINDELSSOHN, "If with all your hearts." "Elijah."

SCHUMANN, Berceuse.

WEBER, Aria, "Der Freischütz."

WAGNER, "Tannhäuser" March.

WEBER, "Oberon," Finale No. 15.

MEINDELSSOHN, "Midsummer Night's Dream."

In this instance, the harmony differs somewhat.

MEINDELSSOHN, "St. Paul," Tenor Song, "Be thou faithful."

GOUNOD, "Redemption," Part 3. No. 1.

BEETHOVEN, Sonata, op. 106, 3rd movement.

GOUNOD, "Faust," duo, Garden Scene.

MENDELSSOHN, Overture, "Melusine."

WAGNER, Music Drama, "Rheingold."

BELLINI, "Puritani," last act.

CHOPIN, Nocturne in E flat, 2nd part.

BEETHOVEN, Concerto, C minor, and movement.

GOUNOD, "Faust," Cavatina, No. 8.

BEETHOVEN, Concerto in C, 2nd movement.

CHOPIN, Funeral March (Trio).

The next two examples at least have a family likeness:

MEYERBEER, "Le Prophète," Tenor Song.

WAGNER, "Die Walküre," Tenor Song.

J. S. BACH, Concerto, D minor, last movement.

MENDELSSOHN, Rondo Capriccioso.

The peculiar part of all this is, that the sentiment expressed in both cases is very much the same, whether the case be "Elijah" or the "Redemption," "Melusine" or the "Rhine Maidens," the "Midsummer Night's Dream" or the "Oberon" fairies. Of course we must exonerate Beethoven from participating in the "Faust" scene, but his phrase is taken from what is generally known as the Devil's Sonata, probably on account of its difficulty.

Here is a remarkable case of the same music being equally beautiful in both instances:

Allegro. *pp*

WEBER, Opera of "Oberon," 1st Fairy Chorus, 1st act.

Andante.

This was adapted from the above chorus, and is universally admired as a hymn tune. The rest of the tune can be found by tracing the chorus, the same harmonies being retained.

Perhaps the story of Balf's method of making melodies when his inspiration failed him may be new to some readers of this article. He put the letters of the musical alphabet on separate bits of paper, duplicating each letter several times, and then drew them one by one from a

hat, and noted them down, having previously decided on the key, time, and value of the notes; and certainly the reiterated notes of some of his melodies warrant the truth of the story:-

"The heart bow'd down" and "I dreamt that I dwelt" from the "Bohemian Girl."

How to Practise.

We publish in our Music Supplement each month, for our young readers, a short piece by some one of the great masters, with explanatory remarks, which we hope may help them to understand and practise with pleasure the beautiful works which have interested and delighted generations of earnest students.

THE celebrated Ox Minuet, which we place before our young readers this month, used to be attributed to Haydn, and was said to have received its curious name in the following way:—A wealthy Hungarian butcher was anxious that Haydn should write for him a composition to be performed at the marriage of his daughter; and when he received this minuet, he was so pleased with it and so grateful, that he sent a live ox, gaily decorated with ribbons and garlands of flowers, to the house of the composer, as a token of his appreciation of his work.

Nowadays, the truth of this story is said to be exceedingly doubtful, and we are told that the minuet was not written by Haydn at all, so that it must be judged on its own merits.

It is certainly a very bright and sparkling little piece, and not difficult, though it requires a good deal of careful practice. The first phrase must be boldly and decidedly played. The bass is very important, and must not be neglected, especially when, as in bars 2, 4, etc., it imitates the treble. Make the passages of thirds, at bars 10 and 12, very equal. Do not hurry the second part, or trio, which ought to sound very light and graceful, except at the chord passages just after the double bar, which must be made strong and full. Note the sudden change from *f* to *p* after these repeated chords. On the return to the minuet, after the *Da Capo*, do not repeat each part. (This is a general rule with all such compositions.)

There are three different kinds of turns used in this piece. The first, at *a*, ought, properly speaking, to be a trill, with the turn to finish it; but that is difficult at first. Afterwards, when you have practised the minuet up to the full time, M.M. $\frac{1}{12}$, the shake may be played in demi-semiquaver, if you chose:

Flutes.

The second turn at *b* is the one always used when the sign \sim is placed not over but after a note (except in the case of a dotted note, when this rule does not apply). Here the first note is played as a quaver, and the other four as demi-semiquavers. If the note *C* had been a minim, the first note of the turn would have been a crotchet, and the other four semiquavers, the rule being that the first note equals in value all the other four. At *c*, on the quaver *G*, the sign \sim is placed exactly over the note. This generally means that the turn is to begin on the note above, and to consist of four equal notes. The *#* under the \sim refers to the *F*, the third note of the turn.

We must again repeat that the first practice should be with separate hands, and *very slow*.

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Becker Jubilee in St. Petersburg.

In June last the Jubilee of the Becker Pianoforte Factory was celebrated amidst great rejoicings, and in a very splendid manner.

Some two years ago the factory had been almost completely burnt; and this being the fiftieth year of its existence, and the first of the new factory recently built in Wasily Ostrow, this occasion was taken to celebrate both events.

The new factory—a gigantic structure of five stories—was cleared of all its machinery, and four enormous banqueting halls were prepared, the walls being decorated and hidden with festoons of red cloth fringed in yellow, and right down the centre of the rooms, beds of flowers, palms, and statues were charmingly arranged, two tables extending the entire length of the room running each side of these.

At two o'clock the proceedings commenced by Rubinstein distributing the gold and silver medals given by the Government to the various workmen, after which the Russian priests arrived in all the gorgeousness of their clerical attire, the massive gold crosses, suspended by gold chains on their necks, glittering with precious gems, diamonds, rubies, and amethysts. One of the Russian icons, or holy pictures, was placed in a conspicuous position, and before this the priests, with the censers of burning incense, stood and commenced the prayers for the blessing of the new house, a choir of over fifty male singers answering in the usual way. The service lasted about fifteen minutes, and ended by the priest blessing all present, and presenting the cross to be kissed; then the choir left, and whilst the priests were dressing, Rubinstein amused us all exceedingly by calling out to the waiters to serve us; and the moment the priests returned, all took their places with alacrity.

A magnificent banquet had been prepared; every Russian delicacy that could be thought of was there. The wines were of the choicest, and the table literally lay smothered under thousands of roses, made into tall bouquets, lying cut, or ready arranged in *boutonnieres* for each guest.

Every musician of importance in St. Petersburg had a place at the table; and not only were toasts drunk and speeches made, but Rubinstein read an address from the Russian Imperial Musical Society warmly congratulating the firm, and also an address from the workmen, presenting the head of the firm, Mr. Bietepage, with a beautiful model pianoforte in silver. Rubinstein made some humorous speeches, and gave many toasts—that of the Emperor and Empress and royal family, as also a toast to Mr. Bietepage.

In the other stages the five hundred workmen and their friends were making merry; and in the brief intervals when the military band in our *étagé* ceased playing, many a joyous laugh

reached us from below, breaking in on the babel of tongues with strange effect.

As a banquet, it was one of the most perfect of its kind, and the army of waiters was so well trained that not one of the three to four hundred people sitting at the long tables could have been neglected.

About seven o'clock—we had taken our seats at three o'clock—Rubinstein stood up, and went to a room provided for that purpose to play cards, but many remained still seated at the tables over their Chartreuse, Maraschino, and Benedictine.

To Mr. Bietepage, who, by the way, had been given the Order of Vladimir by the Czar

the long, low factory room, with its masses of evergreen decorations and red draperies.

Some few days later I went to have an inspection of the premises, and a very different scene presented itself in the room where we had feasted amongst so many flowers. Rubinstein in our midst—surely a very different scene! Machinery was in blinding motion down the whole length of the room, a thick carpet of sawdust lay under one's feet, the walls were bare and dismantled of their crimson draperies, the atmosphere was laden with the odour of fresh-sawn wood, the clash of the whirling machinery made talking impossible, and some hundreds of men were working away as if feasts and banquets had nothing whatever to do in their lives of toil.

As is well known, the piano which Rubinstein invariably uses now is the Becker, and this firm is first among the Russian firms, as Steinway is in America, Broadwood in England, Bechstein in Germany. They make and turn out over five hundred grand pianofortes yearly—not counting uprights; give constant employment to as many men, and in their factory now at Wasily Ostrow every detail of the grand pianoforte is prepared and manufactured by themselves, from the tiniest screws, which I saw turned out by a skilled workman, to the fashioning of the great metal plates, and the polishing of the ivory keys.

The firm is now conducted and belongs solely to Mr. Bietepage, and if the warm address and the beautiful present speaks anything, the head of the firm is not only respected but loved by every one of his five hundred workmen. It may be interesting to Socialists to know that this great factory is conducted on the piece system, all payments being made by the amount of work done; but the head of the firm tells me it cost him years of ceaseless work to get it into order. Now, however, he has reason to congratulate himself, both on its fairness to himself and to his men, for workmen employed at the same

sort of work often take home one-half as much, another double as much, and hardly two men get through the same amount of work; so that the system acts as an impetus to all to do their utmost.

ALEX. M'ARTHUR.

in honour of the day, is due more than praise for the really magnificent banquet given, and the way in which everything was got up and conducted; and when we remember that the banquet lasted not one day, but three, it may be imagined what a gigantic affair the whole thing was, and how typically Russian.

The long days being then in season, gas-light was unneeded, the evening passing from sunset to sunrise without interruption almost in this northern climate; so that the workmen and their friends danced and sang often till the small hours of the morning; a pianoforte and a concertina being their musical instruments.

At the banquet which, so far as Mr. Bietepage's friends were concerned, took place on the first day, many ladies were present, their rich toilettes making a spot of brilliant colour in

THE Finsbury Choral Association, one of the best of the numerous choirs which flourish in the suburbs of London, has turned out a capital programme for its concerts this winter. It comprises Professor Bridge's new choral work, "The Inchcape Rock," set to Southey's poem, Sullivan's "Golden Legend," Dr. Mackenzie's "Dream of Jubal," Dr. F. E. Gladstone's "Constance of Calais," and Sir John Stainer's "Mary Magdalene." One or two standard works will be included in the list, which, down to date, is composed exclusively of English music.

Musicians in Council.

Dramatis Personae.

DR. MORTON,	Pianist.
MRS. MORTON,	Violinist.
MISS SEATON,	Soprano.
MISS COLLINS,	Contralto.
MR. TREVOR,	Tenor.
MR. BOYNE,	Baritone.

DR. MORTON. I will begin by drawing your attention to two useful little theoretical books. The first is called *Figured Bass*, by George Oakey (J. Curwen & Sons), and is designed, as the author tells us, to "meet the want of a short treatise on figured bass, that should not only explain the main features of the system, but should show its application in all the various combinations and devices found in modern harmony." This sounds rather an ambitious undertaking to be contained in thirty-seven small pages, but Mr. Oakey has done his work well as far as it goes. The second book is called *Questions and Exercises*, by F. Davenport and J. Baker (Longmans, Green, & Co.), and is intended "primarily for the use of students desiring to pass any of the local examinations in music held throughout the country." This will no doubt be found a helpful little text-book for candidates, since it gives a very fair idea of the kind of questions that are asked, and the extent of knowledge that is required in the various grades of our local examinations. *Classical Gleanings* is the name of an attractive series of ancient and modern pianoforte pieces, arranged, without octaves, by Eugene St. Ange (Weekes & Co.). There are twelve numbers in all, including such favourite compositions as Schumann's Arabesque, Boccherini's Minuet, and Bach's First Prelude, which is rather refreshing to see without Gounod's Meditation thereon.

Boyne. Don't you think this modern fashion of making things easy for young learners is a mistake? Why can't children wait till they are old enough, or clever enough, to understand or interpret classical music? Here is an *Ante-dante* of Beethoven's among the series, I see. To simplify Beethoven seems to me almost as bad as Bowdlerising the Bible.

Dr. M. Yes, I agree with you to a certain extent. But you must remember that, if children are brought up exclusively on a light, popular, musical diet, the chances are that they will never acquire a taste for strong meat. This was the case with the amateurs of forty or fifty years ago. They learnt easy jingling melodies in the schoolroom, and when they grew up they played showy variations on, and arrangements of, the same jingling melodies. Talking of fifty years ago, here is a piece that would seem to belong to that date, and to have strayed into the present year of grace by some odd mistake. It is called a "Grand Battle March," and is further described as a "Descriptive Military Fantasia," by Arthur M'Evo (Alphonse Cary). It is, in reality, nothing more nor less than a slatteringly close imitation of our old friend "The Battle of Prague." In it we have the dawn, confusion in camp, band in the distance, musketry, infantry charge, cavalry charge, removing the wounded, prayer, and triumphal march. There is an immense amount of pedal and fortissimo throughout. Altogether it is the sort of piece one would expect to hear played on a tinkling piano in the back parlour of a Berlin-wool shop. I hope I am not libelling

Berlin-wool shops, since, for all I know to the contrary, the "young ladies" of the counter may play Liszt and Rubinstein on Blüthner pianos. Lastly, I may mention a volume containing seven of Mendelssohn's Marches, arranged as pianoforte duets, and published by Novello, Ewer, & Co., and a couple of pieces called "Scottish Songs Without Words," by Eugen Woycke (Paterson & Sons). The latter are somewhat in the style of variations upon some of the best-known melodies of Scotland. I must say I think M. Woycke might have found fresher themes whereon to exercise his talents.

Miss Seaton. I have a setting of Christina Rossetti's poem, "A Birthday," by Adrienne Ardenne (Weekes & Co.). Of course, Marzials' setting of the same words is so well known that it is inevitable to make comparisons. If Miss Ardenne's song has not the brilliance and effectiveness of Marzials', it is at least a fresh and musicianly composition, written with self-control and a careful avoidance of any tendency to hysterics in the treatment of the final line, "My Love is come," which most composers would have found difficult to resist. Then I have three songs by Miss M. H. Syng (London Music Publishing Co.). The first, "Silver Shadows," has a graceful and decidedly attractive melody, marred by a somewhat commonplace refrain and inferior words. Who could find inspiration in such lines as

Do not forget, love, do not forget me,
In your star house (!) far away?

One gets tired of the constant allusions to the architecture of the Better Land, with which all the writers of song-verses seem so extraordinarily familiar. The second of Miss Syng's songs is called "A Spring Story," and is less taking, from a musical point of view, than "Silver Shadows"; but the third, "Little Dewdrops," is a pretty, simple, sacred song, suitable for children. "Dolly," written by Austin Dobson, and composed by Agnes Bartlett (Weekes & Co.), is really a very nice little song. The words, as might be expected from Mr. Dobson, are much above the average, being lively and piquant without being irritating, and the music is thoroughly in keeping with them. "From Lands where Love for ever Dreams" is written by George Barlow, and composed by Alfred Stella (Paterson & Sons). Did you ever hear a more melodious first line? but unfortunately the rest of the poem does not fulfil the promise therein contained. When the author begins to rave about "God's vast eternity," and "So wild a heart as mine," one loses all interest in him. The quality of the music is decidedly thin, and is intended to be sung *andante tranquillo*. I always think that is a mistake, as, unless a man can write extremely well, one gets so tired of him before the end of the song.

Mrs. Morton. I suppose you could stand a mediocre composer if he always wrote allegretto, and a bad one if he marked his pieces prestissimo. Well, I have a "Legend of the Woods" for violin and piano by J. Matthews (Weekes & Co.). There is a quotation of Heine's Pine-tree and Palm-tree poem at the beginning, a nice arpeggio accompaniment, and rather an insufficient melody; that is all that is necessary to say about it. "Three Legends," for two violins and piano by J. Haakman (C. Woolhouse) are short easy pieces, which might more correctly have been termed "Studies" than "Legends." Chopin's Nocturne in G Minor has been arranged for violin and piano by E. Polonaski (Alphonse Cary) with two versions, one moderately difficult, and the other easy. I am not very fond of arrangements of this kind, but it seems to be well done. Someone

has sent a little book called the *Tonic Sol-fa Jubilee*, a popular record and handbook, by J. Curwen and John Graham (J. Curwen & Sons). Now, I have always entertained the strongest objection to the tonic sol-fa system, but I must allow that this is entirely bigotry and prejudice, since I am absolutely ignorant of the whole subject.

Trevor. I have a couple of songs by Adrienne Ardenne (Weekes & Co.). The first is called "Adieu," and like most of those by this composer is above the average, both as regards melody and accompaniment. The second, a setting of "Break, break, break," is less ambitious, but has a sort of plaintive charm about it. I always thought the poem over-rated, and cannot understand the fascination it seems to have for song-composers. "Loving, yet Lost," by Frank Peskett (Novello, Ewer, & Co.), is not at all a bad tenor song; only, like so many others, quite spoilt by the frightfully commonplace words.

Mrs. M. You are in a captious mood to-day. If you think Tennyson over-rated, no wonder you can't stand the effusions of minor poets!

Trevor. I adore Tennyson at his best, which is the reason why I am always so irritated when people gush over him in his weakest "Queen of the May" and "Airy Fairy Lillian" moments. I don't think I have anything else to-day, except bright and well-written trio called "Spring," by Mr. H. Syng (Cramer & Co., Dublin). One hardly ever hears amateurs sing trios now; I don't know why, but I think it is a pity, since they would make a pleasant change from the everlasting ballad.

Miss Collins. I have a song, by Mr. Henry Grey, called "Safe, safe, at Home." It is very sad, like so many contralto songs, but the melody is pretty, and the easy accompaniment enough to play comfortably for oneself, no small consideration for people like me who are not blessed with nimble fingers. "The Mother to her Child" is a setting of the German Wiegenlied, "Schlag, Herzens Söhnchen," by J. Matthews (Weekes & Co.). Both German and English words are given, and the effect of the pretty melody is much enhanced by a violin obbligato. Then I have two not very brilliant specimens of the British ballad, "A Letter from Afar," by C. Lincoln (Weekes & Co.), and "Only Just a Story," by J. M. Palmer (Weekes & Co.). Both are intensely sentimental, so you will have no difficulty in imagining the style. "The Hour of Night" is a pleasant and tuneful duet for soprano and contralto, or baritone, by Franco Novara (Weekes & Co.).

Boyne. I have No. 20 of the Grosvenor College Albums, published by Wickins & Co. This contains fourteen Irish songs, edited and arranged by Christabel. These include several of Moore's best-known ballads, and two or three by Lover. I have often heard of "The Low-backed Car" by Lover, but I never saw it before. The words are amusing and original, but the tune is not very remarkable. My only other contribution is the very interesting volume called "Songs of the West," part iv., by the Rev. S. Baring Gould and the Rev. H. F. Sheppard (Methuen & Co.). This contains a long commentary preface by Mr. Baring Gould, and twenty-eight ballads. The tunes, as might be expected, are simple and elementary; but the words of some are pretty and quaint, notably "Deep in Love" and "Dead Maid's Land." The first three verses of the latter are worth quoting:—

There stood a gardener at the gate,
And in each hand a flower;
"O pretty maid, come in," he said,
"And view my beauteous bower."

"The lily it shall be thy smock,
The jonguil shoئ thy feet;
Thy gown shall be the ten-week stock,
To make thee fair and sweet."

"The gilly-flower shall deck thy head,
Thy way with herbs I'll strew;
Thy stockings shall be marigold,
Thy gloves the violet blue."

Others are more curious than beautiful, such as "In Bibberly Town," and "There were three Drunken Maidens"! I will refrain from quoting any of the latter.

Music Study Abroad.

A STORY.

BY ALEXANDER M'ARTHUR.

CHAPTER III.

FREDDY'S playing at the school concert was such a success that, on the following day, in three of the daily papers appeared a few lines of praise and encouragement; and when the boy read his own name, Master Frederic Bourke, in print, his delight knew no bounds.

Mr. Bourke took the congratulations on his son's success with certain qualms of conscience; he alone knew against what difficulties the boy so gallantly contended; and the nervous start and pleading glance of the boy's blue eyes as his hands dropped from the keys of the piano-forte on seeing his father enter the room, made the lawyer sigh, and wish he could be less harsh.

Not long after, Mrs. Bourke gave a large reception and dinner-party, and about eleven o'clock, when the guests had left the dinner-table, some one asked to hear Freddy play; but Freddy, always afraid of his father, begged instead that his brothers and sisters would first commence, and he would play afterwards; for, strange to say, Freddy always felt nervous playing in a drawing-room. So the children got their violins and violoncello out. Freddy was in one of the smaller drawing-rooms when they commenced, and had not heard what they were going to play, but as the first notes struck his ear, he started up like one suddenly going mad, and, to the astonishment of his mother, flung his head down in his arms on to a sofa, and in this position remained during the performance.

Mrs. Bourke, unable to understand, and thinking it some boy antic of his, said quickly, "Freddy, behave yourself, sir;" but Freddy made no move; he was experiencing one of the most terrible sensations in life,—he was listening to his own music at a first public performance.

Lights danced before his eyes, his brain swam, his heart beat almost to suffocation, and he kept muttering to himself, "Oh, what possessed me to write it!" and in that moment he understood what the feelings of sinners at the last day are to be, when they will cry to the rocks to fall on them.

As it happened, an amateur well known in Dublin society happened to be at Mrs. Bourke's dinner-party, and as he was a really good musician, thoroughly conversant with the literature for all instruments, he heard with surprise an unfamiliar trio, and sat puzzling his brains as to the composer.

The children played very prettily, and made a charming group—the girls in their simple muslin dresses and broad sashes, and Charlie in his velvet suit, bending manfully over the violoncello. Of course at the finish they came in for warm applause.

"Beautifully played, really," said the amateur, with his glass in his eye as he looked round on everybody; "beautifully," he echoed, with the tone of a man who knew himself an authority; then not caring to show his ignorance, he went up to the children and said less loudly,—

"Who is the composer?"

Freddy meanwhile, pale as a ghost, had crawled in, and as he heard, he made unmistakable signs that they shouldn't betray him, his dumb-show consisting in screwing his face into terrible contortions.

The children understood, and looked confused, unable to give an answer; and the amateur was about to give them a lecture as to the impropriety of playing a composition and neglecting to remember the name of the composer, when the youngest, a dear little maiden—a coquette and a beauty at seven years—said simply, and with a mischievous glance at her brother,—

"Why, it is Freddy's; Freddy writes lovely things."

"Freddy's!" said the amateur quickly; "Freddy's!" then he turned to the audience,— "Remarkable, remarkable; really, Mrs. Bourke, I have to congratulate you on your boy's talent; by all means let us have it again."

"Freddy's?" said Mrs. Bourke, with a mother's flush of pride mantling her cheek; "why, I had no idea Freddy wrote music." And Mr. Bourke, standing under the gaselier in the middle of the room, had some inkling that fate would be too strong for him; and a foreboding that Freddy was not destined for the woolssack, as he hoped, took possession of his heart.

Confused and shy, agitated, yet gratified, Freddy stood hidden in the shadow of some heavy velvet draperies and tall palms; then, without being noticed, he fled downstairs to his den, and, locking himself in, listened to the sounds of his music floating faintly to him from the drawing-room above.

About half an hour later Charlie knocked impatiently at the door, and in tones of anguish cried below his breath, "Freddy, open, open quickly. I've a lot of tarts and ices, and James is coming; open, open."

Freddy opened just in time to let his brother in with his plunder, and then the two boys sat down, Charlie producing from capacious pockets quantities of nuts, almonds, and raisins, which he set to to demolish with all a schoolboy's hearty appetite, relating, meanwhile, all the criticisms on the trio.

"They are all regularly gone cracked; everybody says it's splendid, and old Jumbo" (a judge so nicknamed by the boys because of his portly dimensions) "said he'll give you a sovereign to-morrow—he hadn't any change with him—so mind, Freddy, don't refuse, for it will be all we want for the flute, and don't tell the girls, or they will blab, for they always do if they fall out with us."

"And papa?" asked Freddy, laying his curly head on his arms; "you don't think it's enough to make him let me go abroad next season? Leslie Cameron is going."

"Whew! No, not he; he only laughed and said it was a waste of time, for that no music could ever equal Moore's Melodies."

Freddy sighed, and pushed the tarts and ices Charlie portioned out to him away.

"Charlie," he said gravely, "I'll—yes I'll really shoot myself, or I'll take poison."

"Fellows that say that," said his brother sarcastically, as he looked at Freddy anxiously, "never do, and if you do, you will never hear angel choirs; you will go to hell, and burn, burn, burn."

"Well, I'll believe in hell when I see it," said Freddy.

"Boys," said Mr. Bourke's voice, "what are you doing? Freddy, come up and give us a tune; and Charlie, get ready the *bull*."

The boys hastened to open the door.

"Give us something melodious; the 'Harp that once' or the 'Meeting of the Waters,' or 'Savourneen Deelish' anything at all, except your classical stuff," said Mr. Bourke, as they entered the drawing-room.

The boys looked at one another, and giggled, disgusted at their father's low musical taste; and Freddy, out of mischief, chose Beethoven's A flat Sonata with the Funeral March, and insisted to his father that it was an Irish melody.

That night, when the last of the guests had departed, and Mrs. and Mr. Bourke stood alone in the deserted drawing-rooms, Mrs. Bourke spoke seriously of Freddy.

"After all," she said pleadingly, "you see the boy has really talent; perhaps you should send him abroad."

Mr. Bourke was tired and sleepy, but he roused himself to passion, as he said decisively,—

"Stupid 'bosh' and rubbish! I will never consent." Then he went to bed ill-humoured and angry with his wife for mentioning it.

Not long after, Freddy and his father left for the Continent, paying flying visits to certain German towns, amongst others to S—, where Cavendish was studying; and nothing could equal Freddy's delight when he found that Wagner's "Tannhäuser" was to be given at the opera house during their stay; and so, leaving Mr. Bourke alone with his cigars after his dinner, Freddy and Cavendish together went off, the night it was given, feeling as happy as princes.

Of course Freddy saw what life Cavendish was leading, and the more he saw the better he liked, and the greater grew his longing to share it. Wild and impossible schemes crossed his mind as he lay in bed, of hiding somewhere from his father, feigning suicide or anything, and then in some little top garret trying to earn a living, a bare existence, in order to be near the chances of studying as he wanted. But how to do this? Over and over he turned the question in the small hours of the night, sleepless and agitated; then slowly a plan came into his head.

Next morning he rose early, and without saying anything, he went to the offices of the English consul, and, not without certain qualms of conscience, rang the bell. A neat English servant opened the door, and Freddy was shown in a few minutes later to the consul, who sat in his study writing.

Fortunately the face bent inquiringly on the boy was a kind one, and Freddy, who was experiencing one of the most unpleasant moments of his life, said nervously,—

"You will excuse my disturbing you, sir; but I am an English subject, and as I am unexpectedly called upon to earn my own bread, I thought of applying to you to know if you knew of anything that would suit in the way of occupation. I can write a good hand, and am willing to do anything."

The consul looked up at the boy's flushed face, and noted with surprise his gentlemanly and well-to-do appearance. He looked at him narrowly. "May I ask your name?" he said kindly.

"Freddy Bourke," said the boy unhesitatingly.

"Well," said the consul slowly. "As it so happens, I think perhaps I have something that might suit." Freddy's heart beat almost to suffocation as he heard. "An English firm here, Messrs. Smith & Hodgson, require some one to write their letters for them, and if you are a smart boy, you may suit. They live in Gaten-

Strasse, the next street from this; so if you care to try there now you may be successful."

Freddy felt like throwing up his cap in the air for joy. "Certainly, sir," he said, "I shall go at once, and I can never be sufficiently grateful to you."

"And your address?" asked the consul.

Freddy hesitated a moment; then a little confused he gave Cavendish's address, and shaking hands with the consul, he left the offices, going at once to Garten Strasse. Here he was received by a dignified person in spectacles, and having mentioned the consul's name, told his desires. The head of the firm shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I am willing to give you a trial," he said coldly, "but I imagine you are much too small a boy; however, let us see. Take a seat yonder at that empty desk, and write a letter from this. I have merely dotted down the ideas."

Freddy, nearly bursting with overjoy, took the paper and sat down as he was desired, but for a few minutes, from nervousness, he could see nothing, the paper and characters all danced before his eyes in a blaze, and as the minutes went by, noted by a loud ticking clock at his elbow, quicker and quicker beat his heart, till at last he calmed down, and in a brief space wrote a neat, concise, and business-like letter. This he proudly brought to the spectacled person he had spoken to, and the former having hastily glanced through, said laconically: "Well, this seems all right; the office hours for our letter-writers are from 8 A.M. till 4 P.M. when the post goes out, and the salary we give is eighteen marks weekly, which can be raised on your proving satisfactory."

"And when may I come?" asked Freddy beaming.

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow!" echoed the boy; then seeing that the head of the firm turned to his papers as if the matter was settled, Freddy bowed and went out, wondering how such a momentous event could be so calmly arranged, feeling that after all his long-wished-for dream would be realised, he would study music abroad.

When he reached the street he stood for a moment bewildered in the blinding sunshine, unable to remember from what side he had entered the street, and unable to recognise the buildings; then he walked agitatedly to and fro, and for a moment thought of rushing off to Cavendish, till he remembered Cavendish would be at the Conservatory; so with mingled emotions of joy, regret, and triumph he walked and questioned his way, till he arrived at his father's hotel, and found Mr. Bourke angrily awaiting him, for Freddy had forgotten that he and his father had to go that day to see some picture galleries.

But a little scolding fell lightly on Freddy's shoulders, for his thoughts were ever busy with the important step in life he was about to take, so that everyday matters seemed trifles to him; and lagging, musing, and indifferent, he followed his father from picture to picture, seeing nothing but the interior of Smith & Hodgson's office.

At length father and son returned home, and then after dinner the longed-for moment arrived when Freddy was to set out for Cavendish, in order that both should go to the opera. Arriving an hour earlier, Freddy, bursting with excitement and breathless from the speed with which he had run, told his story to Cavendish.

Cavendish gave a long whistle as he heard.

"By jingo, Bourke, you are a brick!" he cried admiringly; "but eighteen marks isn't much."

"Oh, rubbish!" said Freddy quickly; "why I'll just get an attic in any old tumble-down house handy, and I don't care a straw what I eat."

"But the work?"

"Work—nothing, nothing," said Freddy, eager to clear away all difficulties. "I'll get up at five, practise for two hours, then I'll go to the office, return at four, swallow something, and after I'll have the whole evening to practise again. Of course I'll only be able to go to the opera on Sundays, but that cannot be helped; the chief thing I have gained. I shall be able here to study under the German masters, and then Saturdays I can go to the Symphony Concerts, so that, Bertie, old boy, what can be better? Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" and in his enthusiasm Freddy capered madly about the room.

"Well, and your guv.; how are you going to give him the slip?"

Freddy gave a sigh. "Poor old dad!" he said regretfully; then he added determinedly, "Oh I have arranged all that. I have got five pounds of my own money, so to-night, after the opera, I'll make all my things up, and get away to another hotel, then after I come home from the office you must come to me and we will make up what I can give for a room and all that; why it will be splendid."

"Yes, but do you think your dad won't kick up a furious row? why he'll search the whole town."

"No," said Freddy thoughtfully. "I don't think so. Dad is a queer sort of chap; he will make a kind of search, I suppose, but then he will go home, and just ruminant about the prodigal son, and look forward some day to my returning in rags to kiss his hand and cry *mea culpa*; then, of course, I shall write him a letter, and next Wednesday he must be at Weimar to meet mamma, so that he has only three days to fuss."

"But, golly, what a flogging you'll get if he catches you."

"Yes, but you don't think I'll wait to be caught," said Freddy proudly. "Oh, Bertie, let us go, it's time; just fancy my going to settle here for good, why it's adorable!"

On returning home Freddy waited till his father, who was an early riser, had retired about eleven o'clock to his room, then he hastily gathered together his own belongings, tipped a wondering waiter, and taking a drosky, drove to Cavendish's lodgings to pass the night as had been arranged as the best plan, doing everything with a queer feeling of unreality, and hardly believing his senses when he saw himself at midnight driving through the quiet German streets, his portmanteau on the empty seat before him.

Naturally, sleep was out of the question; he and Cavendish lay awake all night making plans and trying to make eighteen marks do duty for twenty-eight; but at last the morning broke, and Freddy, at half-past seven, said jovially to his friend,—

"Well, old boy, how do I look? like a clerk, eh?" and after a hearty shake-hands Freddy went out and took his way to the offices of Messrs. Smith & Hodgson, wondering what his people would think could they see the future Lord Chancellor of Ireland—as Mr. Bourke fondly imagined—a clerk in a mercantile house, at eighteen marks a week.

About the same time Mr. Bourke was

standing in Freddy's bedroom, astonishment and anger on his face as he read the following epistle from his son:—

"DEAR PAPA,—Forgive me for the step I have taken. My life has been too miserable up to the present for me to be able to continue it further under your care, and I have made arrangements to study music in Germany, so that we shall meet no more till I am a successful artist. There is no use in your trying to find out my whereabouts. My determination is taken never to return to Ireland till you have forgiven me, and I can only pray that when you see how earnest is my intention you may reconsider your decision, and not only do this but give your consent to my taking up music as a profession.

"With every expression of respect and gratitude, and kindest love and remembrances to all—Believe me, dear papa, your affectionate son,

FREDDY BOURKE."

Mr. Bourke read and re-read the letter, scarcely knowing whether to smile or be angry. "Plucky little devil!" he muttered between his teeth; then he rang the bell so hastily and violently that several waiters ran to answer, thinking some catastrophe had happened.

It didn't take long for Mr. Bourke to hear when and how Freddy had left, and Freddy himself was just commencing his new duties, when Mr. Bourke, seated in a drosky, was being rapidly driven to the office of the English consul, mentally determined to leave no stone unturned, to spare no expense, and import a whole army of Scotland Yard detectives, if necessary, in order to bring Freddy back.

"And when I get him—" thought the lawyer vindictively as he drew his eyebrows sternly together.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

RE NOSE V. MOUTH BREATHING IN CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN, JUNE NO.

(To the Editor of the "Magazine of Music.")

9 FINSBOROUGH ROAD, S.W.

SIR,—Whether Madame Viardot was trained by her father, the elder Garcia, or her brother Manuel, or whether they one or both, or Viardot herself, recommended or deprecated nose or mouth breathing is of little or no consequence. Nature declares plainly and unmistakably for nose breathing, and sensible people will, without a moment's hesitation, take Nature as their "guide, philosopher, and friend" in preference to any man or any number of men, whatever their degree of eminence, or whether of the past, present, or future.

In my work, *Scientific Voice*, etc., which you have so highly eulogised, indeed far beyond its merits, in the June issue of your incomparable magazine, I have advocated, page 34, as also elsewhere, this method of breathing, "whenever possible;" and though, as Mr. Lunn intimates, it is not (always) possible, in singing the florid music of "Il Barbiere" and other high-class music, it is no reason for not doing so in the singing of vocalizzi and solfeggi, or even in opera, oratorio, etc., whenever possible; and I am sure if any singer will try both ways, and critically compare sensations in his throat and larynx, and the effect, both at and after the time, on his voice, he will realise how infinitely superior is Nature's method to that advocated by some merely mortal men.—Yours very truly,

THOMAS CHATER.

Hints to Trainers of Village Choirs.

—o—

In view of the many excellent books, manuals, and articles that have already been written for the aid of choir-trainers, it would seem at first sight almost presumptuous to attempt to add anything to the store. But, as far as my own experience goes, it is very rarely that one comes across a work of this kind which is elementary enough in its instructions and simple enough in its language to be of use in the teaching of a real, not an ideal, country choir. By a real country choir I mean one that is composed of an ill-assorted crew of men, boys, young women, and small girls, most of whom are ignorant even of their notes; with only a harmonium for the accompanying instrument, and the parson's daughter or the school-mistress for trainer. There are many such primitive choirs throughout the kingdom, and it will be readily understood that the ordinary teaching manual, which usually takes for granted a professional organist, and a conventional choir of men and boys accustomed to sing in parts and read music at sight, does not touch their case at all.

The hint that is most necessary to the amateur trainer of the mixed choir is, not to attempt too much. She (it is generally a she) should remember that a good, or even fair, unison singing, such as may generally be attained by village choristers, is infinitely preferable to bad part-singing. In the latter case the tenors and basses are too apt to invent an original harmony of their own, altos have to be dispensed with, and the trebles alone are at all satisfactory. Unfortunately, our country people are not in the habit of singing in parts together as they were in Shakespeare's time, when, as we read in "The Winter's Tale," the four-and-twenty shearers were "three-man songmen all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings Psalms to hornpipes."

Unison singing, as long as it is in good time and tune, need not be unpleasant to the ear, more especially if hymns and chants of medium compass are chosen. Of course the great aim, and the one most difficult to accomplish, is the attainment of an agreeable quality of tone, particularly from the boys and men, who are used to work in the open air, and to shout to their horses and to one another. As a rule, country people's notion of the difference between good and bad singing consists of the production of much or of little sound. This idea is encouraged in too many of our schools, where the children are taught to sing in one unvarying shout, and always from the chest instead of the head. With regard to the production of a good tone, the teacher may use some such remarks as the following to her pupils, being careful to address herself to the children, since the latter do not resent being "talked at," while the simple language and illustrations are in reality equally suitable to the "grown-ups," who have learnt nothing since they left school.

Teacher: "I want you all to remember that in the sound you make when you sing, quality is much more important than quantity. Some of you may not quite understand what I mean by this. Suppose, for example, when you came home to tea one day, your mother gave you your choice between a big, stale, badly-baked loaf and a plate of nicely-cut new bread and butter, I think you would all prefer the bread and butter, which would be quality to the big

loaf, which would be quantity. Now, by quality in sound I mean the production of a smooth, sweet tone, which, without being very loud, is yet full and satisfying to the ear. On the other hand, by quantity in sound I mean rough, harsh shouting at the top of the voice. I know it is very easy to say, 'Sing sweetly and smoothly,' but it is often difficult to do, and requires pains and practice. Let me give you an instance of what I mean by good and bad tone. We often hear people hammer out their notes in this fashion" [Sings loudly and jerkily], "Sun—of—my—sou—oul—thou—Say—ay—viour—dear." Now this is how it ought to be sung, with no break in the tone between the notes" [Sings the same smoothly and sweetly].

After some simple hints of this kind upon the most desirable quality of tone, the next should be an equally simple explanation of the best method by which to attain it. On this occasion the teacher should arm herself with a small pair of bellows.

Teacher: "At our last practice I showed you the kind of sound I wanted you to produce. Now I hope to be able to show you how to make that sound. In the first place, I cannot repeat too often or too strongly that it is absolutely necessary for you to open your mouths and hold up your heads. If you shut your teeth when you sing, where do you suppose the sound comes through? Why, through your nose, to be sure. If you hold your head down, where do you suppose the sound goes to? Into the floor, of course. Remember always to hold your book high enough for you to be able to see it without bending your head at all, and always open your lips and teeth enough to allow the sound a clear passage through.

Quite as important for the proper production of tone is the management of the breath. You see this pair of bellows. Well, we all have something like a pair of bellows in our chests, which we call lungs. When you take a deep breath you fill your lungs with air, just as when I draw these handles apart I fill the bellows with air. Now, although plenty of breath is necessary for a full steady tone, you must not think that you ought to take breath very often. No; what you must do is to take breath in the right way, and *hold it in*. Before you begin the line of a hymn, prepare yourself with a long deep breath till you feel your chest fill out, and your jackets and frocks grow suddenly tighter. This means that your lungs are as full of air as these bellows. Now, you know, if I want to blow up a fire I let all the air out of the bellows at once, refill them, and let it out again, in this fashion. But you don't want to blow up a fire; you want to sing a line of a hymn as well as you can. Therefore, don't let your breath run out again directly, or you will have to fill your lungs again in the middle of the line, which sounds very bad. You must hold it in, and make it last, so that at the end of a line you still have some left, and only need add to it for the next line. A trained singer can make one breath last for a whole verse, and can keep it in so well that you might hold a candle in front of his mouth while he is singing without seeing the flame flicker. I cannot expect you to do that yet; but you may practise taking deep breaths and holding them in as often as you like, when you are in the playground or at work in the fields. It is good for the health as well as for singing, as it braces up the muscles, and widens the chest.

Now we will try a verse of this hymn, taking a long breath at the beginning of each line, and holding it in. That was better. You are much less apt to sing flat when you have plenty of breath to sustain the tone. There is still, however, something wanting, for the tone does not

always come from the right place. The boys, and some of the girls, too, are very apt to sing always from the chest. Now this is right for the lower notes, but the middle and upper notes should be sung in what we call the head voice. I will show you what I mean by the difference between the two. [Gives illustration.] Now sing this note, which is rather a high one, on the word 'praise,' trying to feel it as high as possible in your head. Now sing this low note on the word 'Ah,' trying to feel it as low as possible in your chest. This is not a thing that can be learnt all at once. We must practise it again and again till you get to feel where the notes ought to come from.

Another common trick, and one which is very difficult to break oneself of, is singing at the back of the throat instead of at the front of the mouth. This has a very ugly effect, and gives to a word with 'a' in it, such as 'Amen' the sound of 'Auhmen.' It also prevents the tone from carrying far, even when very loud. Now, when the tone is brought to the front of the mouth, it is much purer, and carries further, even when quite soft. This is what I mean. [Gives illustration of both styles.]

The substance of the foregoing simple explanations will, of course, have to be repeated and insisted upon at nearly every lesson, as it is most difficult to make persons wholly ignorant of music, and with dull ears, understand what is meant by the head voice or by throaty singing.

Perhaps the worst stumbling-block in the path of the teacher is the *mauvaise honte* of her pupils, and the readiness with which they take offence. The greatest patience is required, and the lesson should always be given in a cheerful, good-humoured manner. When fault is to be found it is seldom safe to attack the individual; it must rather be done in some such impersonal way as, "Two or three of you are singing flat, or dragging the time," as the case may be. There is often one member of a choir who is inclined to shout, and he inspires his neighbours, so that soon half-a-dozen are trying to out-bellow each other like excited bulls. This sort of thing ought to be put down with a firm hand. If the shouting member proves incorrigible, it is the easiest thing in the world to offend him by simply telling him that he is too loud, and thus cause him to desert the church choir for the chapel, where his efforts are likely to be better appreciated. The same treatment should be followed with any member who sings hopelessly out of tune, since he infects the rest, as surely as a bad apple infects a whole basket of sound ones. It sometimes happens that the entire choir is led away by one offender, and gradually declines into a different key to that which is being played on the harmonium. This sounds almost incredible, but every village choir-trainer knows that it is possible, and when it does happen it takes ten years off his life. If a hymn is being sung at the time of the catastrophe, the best plan is to cut it short with a decided "Amen." If a psalm, then the player should leave off, and allow the truants to finish in their own key.

Time is another stumbling-block. Country singers have a fearful tendency to drag, which necessitates the hymns and chants being taken fast enough to give them a certain impetus. A hymn that is started at a becomingly slow pace always ends in being funereal. If the teacher is lucky enough to have a dependable member among both the girls and the men she can constitute them leaders, and they will help to keep the rest steady both in time and tune.

The performance of the most primitive mixed choir may be much improved by careful attention to small details. If *Hymns Ancient and*

Modern are used, the marks of expression there printed may always be followed. The meaning and good effect of piano, forte, crescendo, and diminuendo will easily be apprehended by the village singers. A little rule which gives an air of finish to the hymns is the slight accenting of the first syllable in words of two syllables that occur at the end of a phrase or line. For example "Art thou weary, art thou languid" or "Onward, Christian soldiers." The voice in the second syllable should be slightly dropped. When no attention is paid to this rule, the latter hymn is usually begun "Onward, Christian sold—jers," just as in the Magnificat we too often hear "He remembering His mercy has holpen His servant Isray—yell."

A good start, or "attack" is a great point. As a rule, the accompanist plays the chord, then ensues a slight pause, after which one or two of the bolder spirits start the melody, and the timid ones come tumbling in one after the other in the course of the first line. Nothing sounds so well as to hear the whole choir break into simultaneous song, as though they had been seized at one and the same moment with a sudden desire to give thanks and praise. A bold "attack" will cover a multitude of sins.

The teacher will probably have much trouble to induce her choir to attend the practices regularly. In a scattered village, where the men, after a long day's work on the land, have to walk a mile or so to the practice, it is natural they should often shirk it, especially in bad weather. Although I do not advocate the payment of village choirs for their attendance at church, since the rustic is only too ready to adopt as his motto "nothing for nothing," still I do consider that some kind of reward is earned by those who attend practices regularly, and it is certainly necessary in order to keep the choir together. The teacher must, besides, take great pains to interest her pupils. New hymns should frequently be learnt, and besides always selecting those suitable to the times and seasons, it will be found well to have baptism or funeral hymns when occasion warrants, as well as hymns for a "time of trouble" in wet harvests, or "for those at sea" in windy weather. The singers should also be allowed sometimes to choose their own favourites. Probably their taste will not agree with the teacher's. They will almost invariably choose such compositions as "O Paradise," "Jerusalem the Golden," or "Light's abode, celestial Salem." But there is something rather pathetic in the unctuous and enjoyment with which these poor country folk, sons and daughters of toil, sing of the material delights and beauties of another and a better world. Perhaps they have never seen a nearer approach to a jewel than a bit of coloured glass, yet they are quite carried away by such a verse as

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays.

Again there is a good deal of natural fervour in their rendering of the lines

There no night brings rest from labour,
For unknown are toil and care.

That description must represent a typical working-man's paradise, since an eternity of idleness would more nearly resemble purgatory to most people's taste. The teacher should allow her choir once in a way to sing hymns of this class as loud and as slow as they like, and the sight of their enjoyment will more than make up for the offence to her ear.

Good behaviour during the services is a point that must be strictly insisted upon. It is too

often the case that the singers behave worse than the congregation, to whom, from their conspicuous position, they should set a good example.

John More Smieton.

MR. J. MORE SMIETON was born at Dundee in 1857, and from childhood showed signs of latent musical talent, indeed at the age of ten he had already composed several songs and short pianoforte pieces.

After receiving instruction for some years from local musicians, during which he composed the cantata, "Pearl"—a work conspicuous for its wealth of melody—he attended a course in music at Edinburgh University, under Sir Herbert Oakeley, studying more especially counterpoint and composition. At this time he wrote several anthems, a quartet for strings, and a setting of Psalm cxxi. for tenor solo, chorus, and orchestra. After continuing his studies for some months under Dr. Horton Allison of Manchester, he proceeded in the autumn of 1882 to London, where he worked at instrumentation, under Dr. J. Frederick Bridge of Westminster Abbey, and subsequently had the benefit of Mr. F. H. Cowen's experience in ballad-writing and orchestration.

Shortly after this he published his second cantata, "Ariadne," a work that has already reached a third edition, and been performed some thirty times by various choral societies throughout the kingdom.

This cantata, which takes about an hour to perform, is notable for the freshness and refinement of its melodies, its well-constructed choruses, and the charm of its orchestration. Wherever it has been performed, unqualified approval has been the verdict passed. The next few years were chiefly taken up with songs, part-songs, an orchestral overture, and several smaller pieces for instruments.

As he was desirous of again writing a choral work, the subject of "King Arthur" was chosen, and a libretto, founded on material obtained from the "Morte d'Arthur" of Sir Thomas Malory, supplied from the pen of his brother, Mr. James Smieton, M.A.

In this cantata, produced by the Broughty-Ferry Choral Union in December 1889, and received with the utmost enthusiasm, the powers which first showed themselves in "Pearl" and later on to a greater degree in "Ariadne" here manifest themselves in full development. "King Arthur" is a work which choral societies would do well to add to their repertory, as from the great interest of the subject, the many dramatic situations and descriptive passages, the charming solos and duets allotted to Arthur, Guinevere, and Merlin, the brightness and vigour of the choruses, and the picturesque character of the instrumentation, it could not fail to give satisfaction wherever performed.

During the last eighteen months Mr. Smieton has been chiefly occupied with vocal music, and lately obtained the silver medal offered by the National Co-operative Society of London for a setting for chorus and organ of Bryant's "Song of the Sower." Quite recently he has gained the prize offered by the Barbour Musical Scheme of Paisley for the best original part-song.

In the present number of the *Magazine of Music* may be found a "Lullaby" for pianoforte by the subject of this notice.

The Tonic Sol-fa Jubilee.

THROUGH the inadvertence of our reporter, the account of the Tonic Sol-fa Jubilee meetings did not reach us until too late for publication in our August number. It is rather late to enter into details now, but some of the more important gatherings may be mentioned.

The Festival Service in St. Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday the 7th July, was very successful, the building being filled with a musical congregation, who took part in the hymns, choral responses, the anthem, "O clap your hands," and Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus." The extraordinary accuracy of this vast chorus in an unrehearsed performance speaks much for the simplicity and thoroughness of the Tonic Sol-fa method. Dr. Martin conducted, and Mr. Hodge officiated at the organ, Mr. J. A. Birch having trained a special choir of 500 voices.

On Thursday 16th, some very fine singing was to be heard at the Exeter Hall, when a School Board competition took place, Sir John Stainer and Mr. W. G. McNaught, R.A.M., being the adjudicators. The sight-test, a 3-part arrangement, with separate entries and some awkward leaps, was sung almost note-perfect by the majority of the competitors. Fleet Road School, Hampstead, was the successful choir.

The same evening a reception was held by the president of the T.S.F. College, Mr. J. S. Curwen, in the galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists, which was well attended by representative men of the Tonic Sol-fa and Old Notation world, including Dr. Mackenzie, Dr. Vincent, Dr. Frost, Messrs. Randegger, Macfarren, Cummings, Minshall, Tours, etc.

The annual Exeter Hall meeting, held on Friday, was numerically the least successful, as most people were reserving themselves for the all-day dissipation at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. The Welsh Choir from Swansea was in full force, and was most enthusiastically received. Mr. Phillip's Choir from Bayswater also gave selections. Choir and audience joined in singing a sight-test composed by Dr. S. M'Burney, who conducted, and who represented Australia; as Mr. Miller, of Glasgow, represented Scotland; the Rev. G. Alchin, Japan; Messrs. Seward and Batchelor, America; and Mr. Samuel, Wales. Judge Lushington occupied the chair, and proved somewhat lengthy in his remarks upon John Curwen, the founder of the system. Why will speakers not understand that at musical meetings it is *music*, not speeches, that the audience come to hear? The chief item of interest was the presentation of his portrait to Mr. Robert Griffiths, secretary of the College since its commencement.

Saturday's programme at the Crystal Palace was enough to give any one musical indigestion for a month, but the individual items were so attractive that the majority devoured everything possible. A choral competition (Sir John Stainer adjudicator) commenced at 11, and resulted in the victory of Mr. J. A. Birch's City of London Temperance Choir, who sang with wonderful expression and accuracy a difficult anthem by Nixon, in which they were closely followed by one or two other city and provincial choirs. At 12 the large orchestra was packed with 5000 children, who sang charmingly under the baton of Mr. A. L. Cowley, and carried the house by their rendering of the Japanese Fan and other effective pieces. At 3, the provincial singers, under Mr. Venables, gave Hiller's "Song of Victory" in fine style, and again indicated the power of Tonic Sol-fa in its own special sphere by an expressive rendering of a sight-test by Mr. Nixon, the 100th Psalm, which (but for a slight numerical weakness in the altos) had all the effect of a prepared piece. The band of Sol-fa Kaffirs also put in an appearance, and gave some of the quaint harmonies which have been attracting London audiences.

In the evening a very fine performance of "Miriam's Song" and "By Babylon's Wave" was given by 3000 Londoners, under Mr. G. W. McNaught's baton. In the miscellaneous part, Mr. A. L. Cowley was called on the platform at the close of his sole, "The Spirit of Song," and Dr. M'Burney, after his vocal march, "Forward, gaily." We cannot make further mention of the other musical attractions or the Historical Exhibition of Tonic Sol-fa Progress, which was very complete.

The Future of the Drama and the Drama of the Future.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

1. **O**F discussion of Wagner and his works there is no end. The man has been attacked with a vindictiveness and an assumption of superiority generally proportionate to the ignorance and stupidity of his assailants; and, in return, has replied with a vigour and point calculated to surprise those gentlemen. The works—both theories and art-embodiments thereof—have been analysed and discussed from a musical, picturesque, moral—in short, every point of view save, as it seems to me, the most important—the dramatic. After all, this is not surprising. So effectually are the two, music and drama—once inseparable—now divorced, that the musician and dramatist of the present day have nothing in common. Each is ignorant of the characteristics, extent, and recent developments of the other's domain. Those interested in the play probably know nothing of the music-drama, or have, perhaps, a vague notion (got by reading the *Daily Telegraph*) that it is an extravagant dream of one Richard Wagner, destined, like him, to be speedily forgotten. On the other hand, musical people have been exclusively occupied with Wagner the musician, or Wagner the man; arguing for or against his use of this or that chord; bemoaning his lamentable lack of politeness to respectable gentlemen who differed from him. The whole question has been fought out on merely personal and (in a narrow sense) musical lines, to the entire neglect of Wagner the dramatist.

Yet surely the dramatic aspect of his artwork is as significant as any other. If his theories are based on truth, must they not cause an even greater revolution when applied to drama than when applied to music? Wagner himself evidently thought so. Basing his argument on the limitation of the arts (insisted on by Lessing), he declared that both music and drama had reached their point of highest separate development, and further progress could only be made by effecting such a combination of the two that "that which in each alone was inexpressible, found expression of the utmost distinctness." That combination he claimed to have found in the music-drama. His contention, therefore, amounts to this: that the drama, equally with absolute music, must be superseded by the music-drama as the form fittest to express the noblest ideas and feelings of the time, just as the drama itself took the place of the still less perfect forms, the mystery, morality, and masque. Wagner, we must remember, was a dramatist before he was a musician, and when he became a musician still remained a dramatist. And the true significance of his work as an advance in art appears only, it seems to me, when we consider him, not as a musician introducing more of the dramatic element into opera for the sake of reasonableness, but as a nineteenth century dramatist, adding music to drama in order to express himself with a fulness otherwise impossible.

I am aware that neither Wagner's theories nor his art are by any means generally accepted, nor the drama eclipsed, *yet*. The latter is, indeed, the most popular form of art with writers and the public. "Lovers of the play," who attend the theatre with the same pious regularity as a Mohammedan goes to prayers, will look considerably surprised and incredulous when told that their favourite form of art is doomed to ultimate extinction. The only examples of the music-drama extant are those of Wagner himself, composers of this day seem-

ing shy of it, and disposed to entrust their chances of immortality rather to efforts in symphony, overture, oratorio, opera, dramatic cantata, airs with variations, or drawing-room ballads. But the small favour it meets with just now is due to other causes than its novelty. It is not novel. The most popular drama that has ever existed, "the Greek," which drew houses of thirty thousand, was in reality music-drama. Music with the Greeks belonged essentially to the drama. The great Greek dramatists were music-dramatists. Æschylus and Sophocles wrote their own music; the latter accompanied at least one of his plays, "Thamyris," and probably others, on the *cithara*. The marvel is, not that music and drama should again become parts of one art, but that ever they should have become separated.

I propose now to show that the period in history most favourable to the growth of art was the period of the Greek music-drama; that in the Greek music-drama the glorious life of that period found its highest interpretation; that in later times certain of the faculties—generally speaking, the intellectual, as opposed to the emotional or intuitive—were educated and used to the exclusion of the others, and, in consequence, literary-drama (pertaining to intellectual ideas) separated from music and music-drama (pertaining to intuitive or emotional ideas); that later again a reaction took place, and a period ensued in which the highest form of art was absolute music, that is, the highest art was entirely emotional, to the exclusion of the intellectual element; that a time is now at hand resembling in many respects, especially in the conditions it will offer to the growth of art, the highest Greek period, though with the addition of two thousand years' experience, and complexities of feeling and thought unknown to the Greek; that in consequence the music-drama of to-day—resembling the Greek form with the same differences as the life of the new time will resemble the Greek life—will once again become the principal form of art; or, to put a somewhat formidable proposition in simpler form, the parallel histories of music, drama, and the growth of the human mind, point irresistibly to the conclusion, that they have reached a stage in their development beyond which no further progress can be made—I say it advisedly—by any of the three without a change in the form of expression such as Wagner effected, and that, therefore, the future of the drama, as we now know it, must be extinction, and the drama of the future will be the music-drama.

2. The most striking characteristic of the old Greek was an enormous vitality, love of life, and joy in living it. He felt that the very core of his being, the Soul, Ego, Will, however it be named, was a restless craving for fuller and intenser life; that in satisfying it lay the sole source of joy; that a noble and full life was not only an immediate joy, but a road to ever nobler life and deeper joys. So he lived his life to the full with immense energy, stifling no passion here on chance of being repaid in a future world; basing his religion, morality, mode of life and art on the desire for joyous life *here*. All things were to him good and lovable in as far as they made for life; in as far as they were antagonistic to life they were evil, and to be hated. Therefore the Greek most loved humanity, which seemed to him the highest manifestation of life; Death, which would take

him away from life, he hated above all things. Of this love and this hate the most immediate and, in his own eyes, the noblest expression was his heroism. Beginning, doubtless, with the mere savage ferocity necessary to defend his own life, it grew with his sympathies, as he more and more clearly perceived that the fullest and noblest life was not that of the individual, however great, but that of the many, until at last he overcame his fear of death and willingly threw away his one small life for the manifold, larger life of the community. His heroism was an expression of the determination that Life should have the victory over Death.

Loving, and therefore interested in Life, whether manifested on the earth, in the sky, or the sea, its "ever-changing shadow spread below," or in humanity itself, the Greek cultivated his intellect by ceaseless inquiries into the working of all, and became, even in the time of the great tragedians, philosophic, almost scientific, in his ways of thought. But of more importance to us is the fact that he was immensely emotional. I know that the Greek people are commonly spoken of—by those who know nothing whatever about them—as a dispassionate, philosophic people; emotion the last quality to be attributed to them. But though that is more or less true of later times, of the early days, from Homer to Sophocles, it is not. Emotion, we must remember, is movement; a state in which the soul, the will, is stirred to more than ordinary activity; a state in which we live with more than ordinary intensity and fulness, and which is therefore an augmentation of the joy of life. The Greek drank deeply of every emotion, and, because he satisfied his soul's thirst so freely, found the joys of life to greatly outweigh its sorrows. The diseases of modern life were unknown to him; morbidity, for instance, was impossible, for he found interest in everything. And, in his desire to broaden the current of life, he sought to share by sympathy the emotions of others and shared His with them, and so became endowed in the highest degree with love, sympathetic kindness, and all those blended qualities which we include in the term "humanity."

The early Greeks, in ordering their actions and institutions in such wise as to make for the ever nobler life, acted, it is evident, in accordance with truths which must have quite evaded the grasp of the intellect of that time, keen as it was. For instance, simple as it seems to us now, it is within the last few years only that the human intellect understood why the socialistic state, which subordinates the desires of the individual to those of the many, should, nevertheless, permit the fullest possible life to the individual. The individual, in living his best for the community, lives best for himself. That this is a very truth and no paradox the Greeks apprehended and acted on thousands of years ago. And, remembering their intensely emotional nature, we are compelled to believe that, having no other guide, they trusted entirely to the emotions of the will; acted as they *felt*, not *saw*, was best; were guided, not by the intellectual, but the intuitive faculty. The knowledge of the Greeks being nearly entirely intuitive, their intensest mental life was devoted to its expression in the production of art.

To feel a great intuitive truth, high development of the intuitive, emotional faculty is required; to express it in words, a certain degree of intellect. The intellect, taking account of the relation of things to things, cause to

effect, has to so guide the making of the parable that, while it is a true expression of the emotion, it shall not outrage or contradict the known laws of the relations of things. The more highly cultivated the intellect of the maker of the parable, the more satisfactory to others will the parable be, the more believable. But limited intellect may go with great intuitive insight; in which case we may expect to find profound apprehension of the nature of things together with a childish simplicity as to the actual working of details. In the earliest form of the Greek religious ideas, the mythology, this is decidedly the case. With such scientific knowledge as was then attainable, the Greeks had to image forth the enormous truths of the intellect which they felt. To us now their parables seem quite unbelievable, incapable even of ever having been literally received by any people; yet they are always beautiful, and the truths conveyed eternal.

The very inadequacy of the vesture in which the Greeks had to clothe their emotions tended to make more and more rapid the growth of their art-form, the music-drama. In early days, feeling human life and the life of external nature to be one in kind, though human nature seemed the higher and external nature the stronger, they figured phenomena as gods, or the actions of gods, beings with thought, passion, and will like to our own, but stronger, intenser. We, to explain even the most marvellous phenomenon, merely run off a few scientific phrases; the Greeks had no such ready method. Any elementary geography book tells us that the sun is a mass of incandescent material, and the earth a ball spinning madly round it in space at so many thousand miles an hour. Alas! the Greek did not know that. The sun was to him the god Apollo, driving his flaming chariot swiftly over the arched way from east to west. Our "explanation" satisfies us, the Greek's only partially satisfied him.

Always feeling something more in nature than he could express in words, he was urged to elaborate the first simple myths by the addition of further stories of action. To set forth what he felt about the direct and indirect action of the sun for good and evil the whole Phœbus-Apollo cycle of myths was invented. The tradition of the line of supreme gods, Saturn, Cronus, and Zeus, each working for a while, impelled by a blind necessity, and then making way for his successor, is indicative of the Greek's feeling of the enormous mystery of things, and his intuitive fore-knowledge of the law of eternal justice. Thus the Greek's constant seeking after a completer (*i.e.* more artistic) form of expression in action of what was inexpressible in words, gave a dramatic tendency to the whole race, and hurried the perfecting of the music-drama. The Greek music-drama is a myth, set on the stage with music to express the otherwise inexpressible.

Intensely human as the Greeks were, it is not surprising that they were also a fighting nation. At that period in the history of civilisation it was natural and right they should be. By sheer energy in warfare they subdued and rose above the barbarous peoples from which they sprung. Only by perpetual readiness, nay, anxiety to fight, could they hope to maintain their position. Fighters they were, and fighting was the principal business of every man's life. Education meant chiefly learning the use of arms and the conduct of military operations. All this, as uninteresting to us as the reaping and threshing of their grain and the baking of their bread (though equally necessary) I pass over.

In war time there was no leisure; in times of peace all the Greeks—not the slaves—had it in abundance. No Greek was kept toiling that

others might grow rich in idleness. Greek humanity co-operated with other causes to make the State a democracy. By sympathy the Greek lived the lives of others as well as his own. He knew that if others were prevented by social restrictions from living their fullest and highest he also was a loser: knew that the more important larger life of the community also suffered. Moreover, it seemed to them that a democracy was the safest and most economical plan. In a State where there are two classes, the rich is in constant danger of attack from the poor, and must spend time and energy in devising means of safeguard. Therefore kings were done away with and a democracy established. And a democracy it was, though many have considered it to have been an oligarchy. All Greeks were admitted to it, though they no more thought of allowing a slave—one of a conquered antagonistic nation—their own privileges than we would think of giving a cab-horse a vote. The time had not come for a world democracy, but in this State all (Greeks) had equal rights, "equal opportunity," and, slaves doing their work,—as machinery should now be doing ours,—all had leisure. Every man could "live his life to the full in his own way."

Mr. Whistler in his wisdom hath said there never was an artistic people. It is evident that when Mr. Whistler said so he knew nothing of the Greeks, who *were* an artistic people,—if he understood the term, as I understand it, to mean a people every unit of which possesses what we regard as the feelings of an artist, and which he expresses in an artistic manner; a people which produces great artists and truly appreciates their work. A nation of great artists would, perhaps, be considered a contradiction in terms; but of the Greeks this much may be said, that as an artist, one of their very ordinary men stood high above all but the greatest of moderns. They were, indeed, *perfors* an artistic people. They were compelled, having no other means, to express what they felt about life and the world in the artist's way, symbolically. The myth-makers were at once scientists and artists; they expressed what they could of human and external phenomena with all possible accuracy. Their divinities were merely symbolical terms. Not that the Greeks *consciously* symbolised; they no more doubted that the forces which they symbolised existed in human form than our scientific men doubt the existence of their molecules, atoms, and different gases. The Greek said lightning was cast from the hand of Zeus; we talk glibly of so much electricity flashing from one cloud to another or to the earth. To both the phenomenon is an unutterable mystery; the Greek frankly acknowledged it; we own to it when pushed into a corner by such an awkward question as, "What is electricity then?" Our terms are not beautiful; they are expressive of no emotion, and arouse none. But the Greek terms, being a truthful expression of something felt, were supremely beautiful.

I have previously said the Greeks wasted no time in vain endeavours to express religious truths in intellectual formulae. To them art was religion and religion art. They looked at life with all the earnestness of the Jewish prophets; but, whereas these felt life an evil, and longed for its extinction, the Greeks loved it, and sought to enlarge it and to make it more joyous. Their earnestness they directed to the creation and contemplation of beauty, wherein alone is joy; and this they were enabled to do fully in the leisure given them by their social conditions. Nearly all their leisure was devoted to intellectual (which in that early time meant artistic) recreation. All children were taught

to dance and sing; and the noblest and most beautiful youths were selected to take part in their dramatic representations. Their poets and dramatists were soldiers; citizens looked upon them with respect because of their greatness in other departments of life than art. The greatest and the least crowded to the dramatic festivals, the like of which there has not been on the earth since, and a faint idea of which we may form from accounts of the Bayreuth festivals. But the Greek performances were yearly, and their theatre held thirty thousand people. The time of the full flowering of the Greek drama was not merely the heyday of Greek art, it was the heyday of the world's art.

That the full and glorious life of this time, when all men were elate and filled with joy, should find its highest interpretation in the Greek music-drama seems to me quite natural. What the Greeks felt so strongly, they wished to have brought before them in the most vivid fashion possible. On the stage they saw the very heroes and gods, typical of the highest humanity they loved so well, as it were in the flesh; and by sympathy lived for a time their lives, and in every action and word felt the emotions prompting these almost at first hand. Once again they lived every moment of highest activity and joy they had known, but intensified by concentration into a short space of time, and purified of the periods of ennui and dull waiting from which gods alone can be free. They were touched from within by the recalling of their most exalted moments; and by every word sung by the actors, by pose, arrangement, and scenery, and by the choruses and instrumental accompaniment, the dramatist touched them from without, poured his own noblest emotions into them, and raised them to a state of rapturous ecstasy impossible, even unendurable, in everyday life. The Greek plays give completest expression to the noblest Greek thoughts and emotions. The Greeks cared more for the fate of communities than of individuals; they did not care for "character," and none but great types walk their stages. They were heroic and loved heroism, and this element is always given full expression; the greatest play of all, the "Prometheus Bound," is also the highest recorded conception of heroism. Their thoughts were deep but simple, and to this the plays correspond, both in the stupendous conceptions that fill them, and in their lack of complexity (as compared with modern dramas). But above all their emotions were great, and the emotional are the faculties chiefly roused by the Greek play. In the contemplation of tragedy their feelings of pity, sorrow, and awe were awakened to keenest existence. There they saw men and even gods tossed hither and thither by blind fate, suffering as themselves suffered. There the stronger insight of the poet made clear to them that which they felt dimly in everyday life, that though the origin of things is hidden by a veil of impenetrable mystery, yet everything is in obedience to law; that there is indeed a law of eternal justice; that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation, and that in the long run righteousness will prevail and evil-doers be confounded. But that which must have given fullest utterance to the dramatists' intuitions, the music of the choruses and the instrumental accompaniments, can never be known to us. That there was music is indisputable, for it is recorded that Æschylus and Sophocles wrote their own; and the fact that they did so indicates that it must have played an important part. By a single step, from a mere song and dance, the Greek drama grew to full perfection; it was a development of an expression of the purely emotional part of man's nature, contrary to the modern form which has been evolved from the drama of purely intellectual ideas. The music at first, therefore, occupied a first place; and it is improbable that so emotional a people would

have allowed that art which is the very voice of emotion to fall into a secondary position. At this time, too, the tender feelings of humanity were more and more influencing the Greeks (it is significant that the more "human" plays of Sophocles were held in higher popular estimation than the gigantic impersonal works of the earlier Æschylus); and music, more than ever, would be required to give utterance to these. It is impossible to form an idea of the Greek music, their rhythms are utterly forgotten; but those who have read Aristotle's chapters on the education of children will remember how very sensitive, even in that more exclusively intellectual time, the Greeks were to its influence. We can only guess at the effect of the Greek art-work. Imagine *Tristan and Isolde* without the music! As, when looking at the battered fragments of marble in the British Museum we are conscious for moments of what their beauty might have been; so also we may dream, under the spell of these plays, of the unheard of splendour and supreme power of the old dramatic art in this time, when men, elate, trod the earth like gods, beautiful and strong, and yielding to nought but fate. For with Æschylus and Sophocles the Greeks climbed to the topmost height of existence; the sun of life, now right overhead, was shortly to descend, and the westward slope and its light to die from their skies.

Sixteen Bars from "L'Africana."

BY A. GHISLANGONI.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN BY HAROLD OAKLEY.)

—:o:—

I.

"**L**OOK at that newly married couple, how they seem to adore each other!" said my friend Maccabruni, pointing out a young pair who were crossing the *Route de Congiunzione*, between the ramparts and the public gardens.

"It seems impossible," I exclaimed lazily.

"The husband is a fine young man."

"I don't deny that—but he is such an idiot."

"The more reason why he should be adored by his wife."

"*Via*, Maccabruni! You should not do this injury to the fair sex."

"During the honeymoon," I was going to add, "it may suffice a woman to have a husband young, handsome, and robust; but later—the effervescence being over—if her consort cannot add a little spirit and poetry, the waning moon becomes horned."

The married pair entered the café, and we descended together to the *Parco dei cervi*.

II.

Five months afterwards, the first representation of Meyerbeer's "L'Africana" was given at La Scala, and our *sposini* appeared in a box in the first row, while I and my friend Maccabruni found ourselves in *platea*,* and poked in the ribs by two individuals, who, in exchange for their free passes, or perhaps for some small change pocketed in the morning, clapped their hands incessantly.

In spite of the excellence of the music, and the enthusiasm of our neighbours, by the third act I began to feel wearied, and my friend Maccabruni still more so.

Fortunately for us the powerful instrumentation and applause permitted us to converse *a messa voce*, without annoying our neighbours.

Maccabruni directed my attention to the box containing our married couple. The woman was seated, with her head slightly inclined, and her hand placed over her mouth, while she indulged in a prodigious yawn.

* In the pit.

"She appears to feel just about the same as we do," said I to my friend. "The lady does not seem to be at all carried away by the hymn to *San Domenico*."

"But the husband, you see, is going to be revenged for that yawn—Oh! oh! he rises on his feet and leans out of the box."

As we were speaking the act came to a close; our neighbours ceased to clap their hands, and prepared to go out.

One of them said in a high and wavering voice:

"That gentleman above does not clap his hands at random—he knows when he hears good music—being a professor!"

"Oh, is that gentleman a professor of music, then?" asked a person sitting in the seat behind us.

"A professor; certainly! But it is well known that he is not obliged to give lessons or play to earn his living."

"Ah, un dilettante. Could you tell me what instrument he plays?"

"Instrument! instrument! He certainly must play some instrument."

"The violin, perhaps?"

"I can tell you about that gentleman," observes a handsome young man, who, during our conversation, had never ceased to smile. "That gentleman is a very learned musician, a great *contrappuntista*, a real genius of the future; but as for playing, he is not much of a performer upon any instrument."

But the young man was not able to continue his remarks. The conductor had lifted his baton, and woe to those who opened their mouths while the music was going on!

In the fourth act, during the Indian March and the *Brindisi*—the enthusiasm of my neighbours and the gentleman above reached its height.

During the duet between Vasco and Selika, the lady seemed to rouse herself—that voluptuous scene appeared to create a vivid sensation in the young wife. But I noticed that the languid eyes of the beauty took a direction quite opposite to the stage, and were fixed on one of the boxes.

I could come to no other conclusion. The husband seemed to be entirely absorbed by the music of "Africana," and during the course of the four acts never deigned to speak a word. This forgetfulness on the part of husbands nearly always indicates that the fatal cross-roads have been reached, when the hearts of the married ones have each turned off in an opposite direction.

In the intermezzo which followed the fourth act, I rose to my feet to renew our interrupted conversation; the stranger, however, had not waited for the fall of the curtain, but had abandoned his seat and gone out of the theatre.

The pit had thinned, and the audience were now able to stretch themselves at their leisure.

Meanwhile my beautiful signora did not cease to glance significantly towards the box opposite, while the husband was engaged in expressing his enthusiasm to two journalists seated near him.

III.

But I am afraid that I have already too much excited the curiosity of my readers.

Ten months have now passed since the first representation of "Africana." From this moment I shall renounce my part as an actor, and limit myself to a simple narrative.

IV.

The husband was called Teobaldo. The lady rejoiced in the poetic name of Clarina. They say that the husband fell in love with her, and married her all on account of her name, which reminded him of his favourite instrument, the clarionette.

Teobaldo is a musical maniac, and being a millionaire has given himself unreservedly to the study of the art.

I say unreservedly, and no adverb could be more fitting. In studying the pianoforte, violin, contrabass, timpani, &c., Teobaldo had wasted his time; he had never succeeded in committing to memory a single air from all the operas he had heard; and, incredible though it may seem, he had never been able to commit to memory the *aria della pria*, although he had played it a thousand times on the organette.

"But then—this Teobaldo—has he ever learnt to play an instrument?"

"Certainly! We must render this justice to his talent. By dint of perseverance, of patient study and the practise of exercises, Teobaldo, as a player of the organette could to-day compete with the most famous performers."

But there are a few particulars not generally known. His organ had never been seen by anyone; Teobaldo's most intimate friend, one who had often heard him play (and a gentleman well versed in the art), had never suspected that the marvellous harmonium of our *dilettante* was only one of those instruments with a handle, manufactured for the benefit of incompetents, and for the torture of the public.

Teobaldo had laid out a large sum of money on the construction of his organette. The builder had produced a great masterpiece.

In Teobaldo's mansion the organette occupied a room adjoining the grand saloon. Musical evenings were often held there, and after the concerts, friends, professors, *dilettanti*, were invited by Teobaldo, and always begged of him to crown the entertainment by performing a piece on the harmonium.

Teobaldo at first asked to be excused, but the visitors were so pressing that Teobaldo at last consented to play, on condition that he should be invisible during the performance. After a bit the room became filled with melodious sounds, and at the end of the piece Teobaldo re-entered the drawing-room to receive the congratulations of his guests.

By this wily stratagem, Teobaldo succeeded in passing for a distinguished musician, and obtained the diploma of honorary member of several musical societies.

V.

Twenty days had hardly passed since the representation of "Africana," when Teobaldo's wife, the beautiful Clarina, profiting by the absence of her husband, shut herself in her own apartment to write a letter.

Let us place ourselves by her side, and read what she writes.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—You have committed an error that will be difficult to remedy. Somebody had already spoken to Teobaldo in your favour, and my husband appeared well disposed to receive you; but you, with your imprudence, have upset all my plans. What ever put it into your head to speak so badly of 'Africana' at the Artists' Club? Teobaldo was present. Teobaldo heard every word, and after that it would be difficult to reconcile him to you. Teobaldo is furious. Just imagine! he can neither sleep nor eat. He has completely neglected me for 'L'Africana.' Everyday he comes home with new acquaintances, *maestri*, *dilettanti*, critics. The pianoforte is always going. I do not know where to go to get away from 'L'Africana.' When I think that you—you who stand higher than them all—by an imprudent expression, have closed for ever the way that I had opened out for you! Carlo! if it is true that you are my friend, I beseech you cease to make war against 'L'Africana'—be reconciled to it, confess publicly your error. There is no other way to return to the good graces of my husband."

C. B. T.

VI.

Two days have passed away. An hour after midnight a group of young dandies sit round a table in the café, there discussing vigorously the good, bad, and indifferent points of Meyerbeer's opera. Teobaldo, who does not make one of the circle, hearing his favourite theme under discussion, wishes to join in the debate, but, at this point, many voices hail a new arrival who has entered, and to whom all glances are directed.

"Here he is! Just in time! The very man we wanted," cry the disputants.

The new arrival is a fair young man, who appears to be about twenty-five years of age.

Teobaldo, on seeing him, retreats a step.

"My good friends," begins the young man, posing as a victim, "strike me, knock me down, kill me, for I well deserve it! I say that Carlo Restani is the most ignorant creature living!"

Everybody looked amazed and listened for the conclusion of this startling statement.

"I have raised my voice," continued the young man, "against a sublime genius. I have failed on a first hearing to recognise the greatness of the music of 'L'Africana.'"

Teobaldo, who had already moved to go out of the café now returned to hear the young man out.

He went on. "However, this evening, I went again to La Scala. I have been ashamed and appalled at myself. I have felt how a humiliation like that makes a man ashamed to show his face in society. But no! I will not go and hide myself; I prefer, with sincerity and frankness, to do penance for my errors."

"Ah! Here is a man who has the courage to retract," exclaimed a voice.

Teobaldo advanced to Restani and said in the most amiable accents—

"Permit me, sir, to offer you my most sincere congratulations. I was not a little scandalised to see a young man of talent, a distinguished musician, refusing to participate in the enthusiasm of those who understand and appreciate the greatest of the arts! You cannot imagine the great pleasure it gives me to receive you amongst us."

Carlo Restani bowed slightly to Teobaldo, and said—

"May I ask, sir, to whom I have the pleasure of speaking?"

"Teobaldo Biettola, gentleman, and *maestro*—that is professor—also a performer on the harmonium, and an honorary member of several musical societies."

"Who does not know the name of Signor Teobaldo Biettola?" said Restani, bowing, "professor of the harmonium, and, better still, patron of artists, and promoter of the art. I hold myself fortunate in having the help of a man so esteemed for his musical abilities, in destroying my bad impressions."

"Enough! I knew that you would be converted. All men sooner or later fall in with our views."

"I hope, sir, you will spare me as much humiliation as possible. I already feel very much mortified."

"Well, well!" said Teobaldo, "but let us talk of the opera. I know 'L'Africana' off by heart, but then I love to hear from others. Which pieces do you like best?"

"First of all—the first bar of the overture."

"The first? I have not observed it. To-morrow evening I must pay attention to it."

"Then, the five bars that follow."

"Five bars! You really prefer them?"

"I would not exchange them for the sixteen."

"Diamini! I must pay more attention. As for myself, I go mad over the *cavatina* of Inez—lalà—lilili—bibibi—zou! zou!"

"And the *Coro dei Vescovi*—tutoh—lalà—lorolò—tità. I know it all by heart. But what do you think of the *settimo*? Oh, the *settimo*! Frou—frou—frou!—titili—titili—tilorouc!—titili—tilorouc—tilorouc!"

"Lorouti—lorouti!"

"Bravo! You can put me right. You play—I mean to say you sing—like an angel."

"Have you noticed the effect of that flat forming a diminished 7th on *do diesis*?"

"From from lalà—from—from lalà! But the sixteen bars—what do you think of the sixteen bars? Don't you think they are lunatics who contend that all the effect lies in the unisons of the *quarta corda*? Have you tried it on the pianoforte or harmonium?"

"I consider that the sixteen bars sound better on the harmonium than on the violins. What a pity it is I cannot play the harmonium! That piece on the harmonium would be divine!"

"Some day I shall let you hear it," said Teobaldo, with a dignity becoming an honorary member of the most illustrious academies of Italy.

Carlo and Teobaldo that evening became the greatest friends in the world.

"If the hour was not so late I should invite you to accompany me to my palace to let you hear how I should phrase those bars we have been speaking of; but my wife sleeps close to the *sala*, and it would be a pity to disturb her."

"Oh, that would never do."

"You are right, it would not do."

And the two friends parted with a shake of the hands.

VII. *and harmonic*

One morning Teobaldo's beautiful wife was languidly seated in the saloon, her eyes continually wandering towards the clock.

The door opened; Teobaldo entered with Carlo Restani, whom he hastened to introduce to his wife.

She inclined her head towards him indifferently, and offered him a seat upon a *fauteuil*.

"He is a new convert," said Teobaldo. "You know, Clarina, he is the same gentleman who, at the Artists' Club—However, Signor Carlo wishes to forget that scene. He is now one of us. With such an ear! With such a memory! Just imagine, Clarina, he has taught me certain things—certain flats—certain keys! A great science, music! And when he has studied for ten years he will understand when it is necessary *tornare da capo*!"

Restani responded in monosyllables, and the lady affected an air of indifference that provoked her husband.

"My wife cares little for music," proceeded Teobaldo, "and does not wish to hear anything about flats and such things, and when I play the sixteen bars she will very likely fall asleep, but I believe we will be able to convert her in time. Don't you think so, Signor Restani?"

"I hope, *gentilissima Signora*, that it will not be annoying you, but I should very much like to hear the effect of the sixteen bars on the harmonium, but if it would trouble you we will put it off to some other occasion."

"By no means," responded the lady. "I'm most anxious to hear the sixteen bars. Why, sixteen bars pass in a moment. Haste, Teobaldo, and see if you can succeed in converting me to-day."

Teobaldo did not require much pressing, and with the apology that his nervous timidity would not allow him to perform in the presence of anybody, he shut himself up in the ante-room.

"Adorable Clarina!" exclaimed Restani, throwing himself at the lady's feet.

"Carlo! how foolish!" exclaimed the lady. At this moment the harmonium responded with the first notes.

Tram, tram, trattamla—tram, tram, trattamla—Carlo was seated beside the lady, with an arm round her waist, and as the music ceased, Clarina shouted out, "Bravissimo! Bravo! Da capo, Teobaldo! Da capo tutto!"

But Teobaldo had not heard his wife's enthusiastic exclamations, because given in too languid a voice, and, on opening the door, was petrified on seeing the young man, seated on the same couch, embracing his wife.

"Poter del mondo!" cried Teobaldo. "How great an influence has Meyerbeer's music over the hearts of men and women, that even my wife should be overpowered by it! Long live 'L'Africana'!"

Chester Triennial Musical Festival.

THE Fifth Chester Triennial Festival—a gathering which from first to last was characterised by unequivocal success—was inaugurated by a special service in the Cathedral on Sunday evening, June 19th. At this service the sacred edifice was literally packed, and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" was rendered by the Festival Band and Chorus, the solos being in the competent hands of Miss Anna Williams, Miss Margaret Hoare, and Mr Iver M'Kay. Monday and Tuesday were, as usual, devoted to rehearsals.

The Festival proper opened on Wednesday with "St. Paul," a fine performance, which augured well for the remaining items of an extremely varied programme. The choruses gave evidence of intelligent and careful preparation, the only weak place being in the chorus at the close of the first part, "Oh, great is the depth," in which the time was very shaky; but, in justice to the choir, we should state that Dr. Bridge's beat was, on this occasion, far from decisive.

Mr. J. T. Hughes presided at the organ; Mr. Willy Hess was the leader. Miss Anna Williams seemed to have recovered from her indisposition, but at times

her intonation was not all that could be desired. Miss Marion M'Kenzie was at her best in "But the Lord is mindful." Mr. Edward Lloyd sang superbly from first to last, especially in the famous "Sermon." Mr. Bantock Pierpoint fully justified his selection as a Festival artist.

The evening concert in the Music Hall served to introduce Dr. Bridge's new Cantata, "Rudel," for which the libretto has been provided by Mr. F. E. Weatherly. The story is an amplification of Miss A. W. Robinson's ballad, "Rudel and the Lady of Tripoli."

Rudel, a troubadour of Provence, while amidst a festive crowd in England, sings the praises of his betrothed, Felise, a Normandy maiden, and exhibits the portrait of his lady-love. To his dismay, Sir Guy, an English knight, informs him that the original of the picture is his wife. Rudel slays his rival in fight; but afterwards, seized with remorse, and feeling that he dare not wed Felise, with her husband's blood on his hands, he joins a band of crusaders. Passing through Normandy, Rudel is recognised by Felise; and it then transpires that the young lady never had a husband, and that Sir Guy was only her rejected and revengeful lover. Rudel rides off to the wars, promising to return and claim his bride. An orchestral opening is devoted to the working out at considerable length of three old English airs, "Summer is a-coming in," "The Carmen's Whistle," and "Cheshire Rounds," the first-named being also sung by a chorus of minstrels behind the scenes. Each number of the suite is full of merriment and gusto, and the whole is well scored, if exception be taken to the too persistent use of drums, triangle, and the like. The duet between Rudel and Sir Guy and the combat which follows are highly dramatic. So also is the scene which follows the battle, wherein the troubadour hears the tramp of the crusaders' horses, and joins their band. The scene where Felise is discovered is full of melodious beauty, in happy contrast to preceding numbers. The *finale* and departure of the crusaders is a masterpiece of orchestration. Miss Anna Williams took the place of Miss M'Intyre at very short notice, but sang charmingly. Mr. Lloyd was a delightful troubadour-warrior, and Mr. Pierpoint again made his mark as Sir Guy. The performance of the band and chorus was of the best, and Dr. Bridge was accorded an ovation.

Thursday commenced with a superb performance of Dvorák's "Stabat Mater," which highly dramatic and gloomily tragic composition possibly gained in intensity of effect from the sombre surroundings. The orchestra revelled in the extraordinarily difficult score,—Miss Anna Williams again replacing Miss M'Intyre; and Miss M'Kenzie, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Pierpoint, completing a worthy quartette. Handel's "Concertante in C major" was next on the programme, but we have heard several better renderings of this fine Concerto. Saint-Saëns' "19th Psalm" went none too well. The chorus seemed shaky, while Mr. Hughes at the organ was several times at fault. Part II. of Berlioz' "Childhood of Christ" followed. The scenes of the "Shepherd's Farewell" and the "Repose of the Holy Family" were given with most delicate attention to light and shade. Miss Anna Williams, notwithstanding her previous hard work, achieved a veritable triumph in Schubert's bright but exacting "Song of Miriam." Band and chorus were again fine. In the Music Hall at night Berlioz' "Faust" was given in praiseworthy manner, the orchestra again carrying off the palm. Mrs. Henschel, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Grice were nearly perfect in their respective parts.

Friday commenced with Spohr's "Last Judgment." The chorus were heard to greatest advantage in "Praise His awful name," "Great and wonderful," and "Destroyed is Babylon;" but at times the intonation was very bad. The orchestra "scored" most in the Symphony to Part II. Miss Anna Williams, Miss M'Kenzie, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Pierpoint—the latter even excelling his previous good work—sang the solo music beautifully. The centennial celebration of the death of Mozart was marked by the insertion of his "Jupiter" Symphony, and we are inclined to consider this as the gem of the Festival. Nothing can exceed the delicacy with which it was played. Gounod's "Messe Solennelle" finished the morning performance. In the magnifi-

cent "Credo," the beautifully harmonious "Benedictus," and the flowing "Agnus Dei," chorus and orchestra alike were perfect, though we think Dr. Bridge was at fault in taking the peroration of the "Credo" too slowly. Miss Margaret Hoare sang splendidly, and was well supported by Mr. Iver M'Kay and Mr. Grice.

An immense audience assembled to listen to the closing of the week's work; the cathedral was filled in every corner. The impressiveness of the magnificent "Elijah" choruses in the ancient fane may well be imagined; the chorus and orchestra were familiar with every note of the oratorio; and so, of course, were the principals—Miss Anna Williams, Miss Margaret Hoare, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Andrew Black. Suffice it to say that, with the exception of one mislead by the basses, and one by the flutes in "O rest in the Lord," the performance proved a worthy close to a magnificent Festival. We must not close this article without congratulating Dr. Bridge on the success of the Festival. To him the acknowledgments of all are due, for his unswerving fidelity to art during the not unimperilled career of the Festivals at Chester.

Sister Gertrude's Marriage.

FATE seems to have dealt hardly with Sister Rose Gertrude. She went out to nurse the lepers; but the hospital authorities thwarted her humane intent. She was to be an exile in Molokai, after the fashion of Father Damien; and the lapse of a few months finds her comfortably settled at Honolulu. She took the customary vows; and, lo! she is wedded to Dr. Lutz. Her life was to be one of quiet, unassuming devotion to duty; and now the interviewer has run her down. I quote only two sentences: "I followed her into a cool, pretty drawing-room. . . . In it stood the piano which had been sent to cheer the lepers at Molokai. Some photographs of Niagara Falls were on the walls." I do not grudge Mrs. Lutz the luxuries of her new home. But, nevertheless, I have doubts whether Messrs. Broadwood—the firm who presented the piano—contemplated its disposal in a drawing-room several leagues from Molokai. The interviewer must have mistaken the instrument. One piano is very like another; and he might cite the somewhat similar difficulty of the man who, putting his numerous children to bed, inadvertently included the little boy from next door.

Mr. Charles Henry Litoff.

THE death is announced at Colombes, near Paris, of Mr. Charles Henry Litoff, in his day a well-known pianist and composer. The reference to the deceased by some English papers as "M. Henri Litoff" is absurd. Litoff, in point of fact, was an Englishman. His father was an Alsatian soldier, who was taken prisoner in the Peninsular War by our forces. He afterwards was naturalised, and settled down in London as a violinist, and married an English lady, who was the mother of the gentleman now deceased. Charles Henry Litoff was born in 1818, and was in early life a pupil of Moscheles, who was so struck with the boy's talent that he agreed to teach him gratuitously. He came out at Covent Garden as a pianist, and was then said to be twelve, but was really fourteen years of age. When this promising youth was seventeen, he fell desperately in love with a young girl whose parents strongly objected to the match. He, however, followed her to France, and

eventually married her. For this he was cast off by his parents, and for some time he lived a life of great poverty at Melun. By the time he was twenty-one, his wife and two children had died, and he lived for a time in Paris, where he began to earn fame as a pianist. He then went to Belgium, and he composed rapidly a large number of works of various kinds, from pot-boilers of a brilliant sort for the pianoforte, to symphony-concertos and even operas. In 1846 he again visited London, and, indeed, by that time he had achieved considerable fame. His wife's family, however, brought an action against him, and he was condemned to a heavy fine. Being unable to pay it, he was sent to prison. He did not escape from gaol till 1850, and shortly afterwards he made his appearance at Brunswick, and laid siege to the heart of Frau Meyer, widow of the well-known music publisher. This marriage, like the first, was very unhappy, and Litoff soon bolted. At Brussels he was upon the point of death; but his wife, who loved him better than he did her, rescued him again from poverty, and took him back with her to Brunswick. Again, however, he deserted her, and eventually, in 1858, Madame Meyer sued for a divorce. It was granted, and on his third marriage, in 1860, to the daughter of Count Alfred de la Rochefoucauld, he was obliged to relinquish the publishing business of Litoff, formerly Meyer, at Brunswick, to Madame Meyer's son. It was to that gentleman, and not to Charles Henry Litoff, that we are indebted for the cheap edition of classical masterpieces. Litoff composed a vast quantity of works, but his lighter pianoforte pieces alone have survived. Only as recently as six years ago he turned up at Brussels with the scores of a couple of operas. One was produced, but it achieved little success. Berlioz spoke highly of him; but his contemporary critics, while admitting the brilliancy of his playing, spoke severely of his habits of incorrectness. It may be added that in regard to his marriage to Louise de la Rochefoucauld, that lady died a few years later, and Litoff subsequently led two more blushing brides to the altar, this musical Henry VIII. having, it is said, altogether been the husband of five wives.

Accidentals.

THE electric piano is to be shown at the Frankfort Exhibition; it is said to be now perfect.

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M. GOUNOD is stated to be out of danger, but is now suffering from an affection of the eyes, which renders the services of a secretary necessary.

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CARL REINECKE, the celebrated conductor of the Leipsic Gewandhaus, has written a new opera, entitled "The Governor of Tours," which will be produced at Leipsic in the course of the autumn.

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WE hear that great success is attending Sir Charles and Lady Hallé in their Australian tour, and that both have benefited in health by the change of climate.

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A RUMOUR has found its way into print that we are to lose the services of Madame Nordica this winter, in order that she may take part in the Abbey season in America. Her name, however, does not appear in the official list of artists.

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EDOUARD GREGOIR has discovered at Bonn some documents proving beyond doubt that Beethoven was of Flemish ancestry, and that in the seventeenth century his family was settled in Antwerp. In 1660, one Ludwig Beethoven left Antwerp to become a singer in the private chapel of the Elector of Bonn.

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MR. LLOYD will, under the management of Mr. Vert, have his first concert tour in the provinces soon after Christmas. He will be accompanied by

Madame Marian M'Kenzie and Mr. Watkin Mills, with Messrs. Wolff and Hann as instrumentalists.

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THE Imperial Musical Society of St. Petersburg has decided to invite M. Massenet to conduct its orchestra at a series of concerts to be given in January.

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RUBINSTEIN is rusticking in the neighbourhood of Dresden, where he intends to finish his new oratorio "Moses," and a new opera, the name of which is not yet announced. A volume of essays on music from his pen is nearly ready, and will shortly appear. It will be called *Apropos de Musique*.

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THE young American soprano, Miss Emma Eames, who gained a creditable success during the recent season of the Royal Italian Opera, was married on Saturday last, at the Parish Church, Bray, Berkshire, to Mr. Julian Storey, the well-known American sculptor. It is understood that the marriage will not in any way affect the young soprano's professional career.

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MEMORIAL tablets have recently been placed on three houses, viz., that at Fontanetto in which Viotti was born, that at Nice in which Paganini died, and that at Parma in which Bottesini resided during the last two years of his life.

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THE Park bands have now started, and Londoners on the Embankment and elsewhere are able to enjoy a good deal of gratuitous music. On the other hand, it is a pity that the programmes are not made a little more interesting. So-called "classical" music is popularly supposed to be above the heads of the multitude.

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THE idea is erroneous, as the success of the classical concerts given to the working-men of the East End conclusively prove. But between serious music and *pot-pourris* from comic and other operas, dance tunes, and similarly wearisome trivialities, there is surely a happy mean. In respect to the choice of programmes, the German, French, and Belgian military bands are far in advance of our own. This is hardly, perhaps, so much the fault of bandmasters as of those who provide and arrange music for wind-bands.

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THE death of the renowned conductor, Faccio, was not unexpected, and, indeed, he has been bereft of brain power, and even of sanity, for the past eighteen months. The first symptoms of the malady were developed after the shock on hearing of the suicide in London of a well-known prima donna whom in Italy he had long befriended.

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IT might, however, have been thought that Faccio was the very last man to die of brain trouble. He was an old Garibaldian volunteer, and he directed his orchestra with the iron will of a Michael Costa—a compatriot whom as an operatic conductor he not a little resembled. The disease, however, appears to have been hereditary. It is stated that his father also, who survives him, is insane. Faccio leaves about £8,000, and jewels of the value of about £2,000. With the exception of bequests to two musical societies, he constitutes his father sole legatee.

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PLAYERS of dance music will probably soon have a new burden laid on them. A Russian has invented a set of signs to indicate the particular steps used in various dances. With this adventitious aid he claims to have supplied an easy means to formulate and direct new kinds of dances. The duty of the pianist will be to call out these signs, and so order the dance. But the Russian has been anticipated. A device of a precisely similar nature appeared in Playford's "Complete Dancing Master;" so such manual directions were common in England two hundred years ago.

MUSIC lovers were considerably startled on the 4th ult. by the announcement in the *Standard* that the Birmingham Festival would commence on that day. Our esteemed contemporary does not usually make such mistakes, but its musical critic was on his holidays, and something evidently went wrong. The Birmingham Festival will not be held till October, so that the *Standard*, enterprising periodical as it is, is just about two months in advance in its news.

* * *

THE Helmesberger Quartet have recently given a performance in the Harem of the Sultan of Turkey. Two concerts of three hours each were got through, but the performers, it is stated, were not able to see either the Sultan or any other member of the audience, all of whom were concealed behind grilles. However, the party were paid very well for this strange *stance*, and, besides the money, each member of the party received the Order of the Medjidie.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT, doubtless in mood satirical, writes me suggesting that as the newspaper craze nowadays is to offer prizes for the solution of puzzles, an award—say, of a postage stamp only once used—should be made to any one who will correctly parse the following extraordinary sentence taken from page 30 of the programme of that excellent educational institution, the Royal Academy of Music:—

"Five Violins by eminent makers, the last of which was competed for in March 1885, by pupils who had been studying in the Academy throughout the last three consecutive Terms, and was awarded to the Candidate judged to play best compositions for the Violin, chosen by the Committee."

* * *

THE company promoter has had a bad time of it late. For a while it looked as though it was becoming an obsolete profession, but latterly there have been feeble signs of reviving vitality. They have not, however, made much progress. The public does not respond, and if they see the record of blighted hopes in to-night's *Gazette*, they are not likely to put their hands into their pockets for some time to come. The names are given of no fewer than about four hundred companies which will be struck off the list of joint-stock undertakings, unless within the next three months cause is shown to the contrary. The list is an extraordinary one. It comprises a matrimonial assurance and assessment society, which one would have thought would be a success, a suburban village company, and a syndicate to dispense with piano-tuning, a boon which, it might be supposed, would have been hailed with delight by all lovers of that instrument.

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THE Emperor of Germany, who is the honorary president of the United Wagner Societies, has promised to build a monument to Wagner from his private purse. Berlin, which was always one of the last cities to produce Wagner's operas when they were first given to the world, has at present more Wagner performances than any other city, partly owing to the fact that within a few months the Paris version of "Tannhäuser" has been produced, while a week or two ago "Lohengrin" was given for the first time without cuts and with entirely new scenic outfit, the old one having become exceedingly shabby from being in use for thirty years.

* * *

AT Victoria University two degrees in music are now to be conferred. The whole course of study for Mus. Bac. will take three years, and the examinations, though not too stringent, seem, from the regulations which have been issued, likely to be of a searching character. A degree "exercise" (with the usual fugue) will have to be composed by candidates, but the nonsense of compelling its performance in public will not be insisted upon. This university is of special importance to residents in Manchester, Leeds, and Liverpool, and so far as the first-named city is concerned an attempt is now to be made to start a subscription to endow the professorship.

* * *

TOLSTOI'S recent animadversions on the use of alcohol and nicotine called forth the following reply from Charles Gounod, the devotee and composer:—

"You do me the honour to ask me my opinion on the very interesting study of the illustrious Count Tolstoi in reference to the effect of tobacco on the intellectual and moral faculties. I have just read this noble essay with that respectful attention merited by the venerable name of the author, and I admit sincerely the truth of his opinion in all that has to do with the intellectual faculties. I think that the habit of using tobacco produces a sluggishness of these faculties, that this sluggishness follows upon the habit, and by abuse may reach even to atrophy. I am not so sure that it could positively result in the annihilation of conscience, whose witness is too startling to undergo so easily an eclipse so disastrous. I say conscience, be it noted; I do not say will. Conscience is divine decree; will is a human energy. The latter can be weakened by abuse of the organs; the former, however, seems to me quite beyond all effect of the sort, because it creates the responsibility without which man ceases to be amenable. I have smoked a great deal. I do not recall that it has ever modified the judgment of my conscience or the morality of my acts."

The above metaphysics are like some of M. Gounod's music, a little old-fashioned.

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AMONG the choral novelties for the forthcoming winter season is a new choral ballad, entitled "The Inchcape Rock," by Professor Bridge of Westminster Abbey. The dramatic nature of Southey's poem seems strongly to recommend it for musical treatment. The work, which is practically finished except as to certain touches to the orchestration, has been written by Professor Bridge expressly for the excellent choir of the Finsbury Choral Association, who have more than once sung his music. In all probability the first performance will be conducted by the composer in person.

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MR. HAMISH MACCUNN's new cantata, "Queen Hynde of Caledon," is now finished, and has been accepted by the Glasgow Choral Union for performance during their forthcoming winter series of concerts. The work, which is practically upon the lines of the young Scotsman's previous compositions, is again on a Highland subject, the libretto being adapted from James Hogg's poem by his father, Mr. MacCunn. The work is for a quartet of soloists, chorus, and orchestra.

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MR. HAMISH MACCUNN's new opera, upon which he is now engaged for Mr. D'Oyly Carte's new opera-house, is upon the subject of "Cleopatra." The young Scotsman has thus shaken himself free from Scottish lore, to which his name has hitherto chiefly been confined. But "Cleopatra" is rather a touchy plot. Upwards of twenty operas, having this frail lady for heroine, have been written within the last two and a half centuries, but not one of them has survived, at any rate in the London operatic repertory.

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THE LONDON COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—The results of the Practical and Theoretical Examinations held in the Mayor's Parlour, Old Town Hall, Leicester, on July 20th, are as follows:—Practical Examination—Fred Uff, who gained the diploma of "Associate" of the London College of Music (A.L.C.M.), pupil of Mr. T. H. Spiers. Advanced Senior Section—Miss Elsie A. Howard (Rubinstein House School), prepared by Mr. T. H. Spiers. Intermediate Section (Honours)—Herbert F. Collett, Ethell E. Cooper (pupils of Mr. T. H. Spiers), and Miss Blanche E. Ellis (Lyndhurst College, Mrs. Marlowe). Intermediate Section (Pass)—Miss Florence M. Blake (Lyndhurst College). Elementary Section (Pass)—Miss Emily W. Fox (Lyndhurst College); Master Charles V. Smith (pupil of Mr. T. H. Spiers); Miss Teresa H. Pensotti (Lyndhurst College). Examiner, Mr. Theodore S. Tearne, Mus. Bac. Oxon., F.C.O., L.L.C.M. Theoretical Examination (Junior Honours Section)—Mr. Harry C. Rowntree: (Junior Pass) Misses Gertrude Crawford, Sarah Lake, Florence L. Lake, Maude M. Simons (Severn School, Miss Davey), prepared by Mr. W. H. Scott; Miss Selina C. Death (pupil of Mr. C. H. Ellison); Miss Edith M. Aldridge (Severn School). All the above are placed in order of merit.

Edinburgh University.

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THE PROFESSORSHIP OF MUSIC.

THE question as to the alterations in the duties of the Professorship of Music at Edinburgh University has taken a new turn. The first recommendation of the Draft Ordinance provided for a Faculty of Music, in which, of course, the principal would be *ex officio* head, but of which the Reid professor would be a member, having under him three other professors to be chosen by the Senatus. Most people considered that the three other professors would necessarily be professors of music, and would assist the Reid professor in his musical duties. It has, however, now transpired that nothing of the sort is intended by the Senatus. They propose to keep the power in their own hands; and the three extra professors will be members of their own body, possibly of law, physic, or some other lay subject. In any case, the Senatus do not intend to appoint as professors practical musicians. If the Faculty were a merely ornamental body, this would not signify; but, as a matter of fact, the Faculty of Music would have considerable power in regard to the granting of degrees. The Faculty as at present constituted, consists of the chief of the university, one musician, and three professors of lay subjects, the musician, therefore, being hopelessly outvoted. If the Universities Commission really intended this glaring anomaly, they have simply proved their unfitness for their office. It is, however, more likely that they really intended the other three professors to be musicians, as, indeed, common sense suggests they should be.

Another point to which objection has been taken lies in the fourth article of the Draft Ordinance, where it is stated that the Reid professor shall give instruction in music during the winter session only. The winter session, we believe, lasts from the end of October till the beginning of April. As the assistant professors do not claim to know anything about music, it will be interesting to learn what means the Universities Commission propose to adopt to afford instruction to the students during the rest of the year. These and other points will have to be settled before October next, when the list of candidates will be reopened in the hope that some men of eminence may put themselves in nomination. Until, however, the Chair of Music is freed from lay intervention, it is hopeless to expect good men to come to the poll. No eminent musician, for example, would consent to be a member of a Faculty upon which he might be outvoted, and his ideas and plans entirely frustrated, by four lay colleagues. It need hardly be said that no such restriction is insisted upon either in any other Faculty at Edinburgh, or in music examinations at any other university.

Miss Hawkins' Morning Concert.

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ESSRS. COLLARD & COLLARD'S Concert Rooms were the scene of a very pretty gathering of musical artists and patrons on Wednesday, July 22nd, when an interesting miscellaneous programme, containing several items heard for the first time, was carried out. The concert-giver, a pianist of high merit, who played some solos by Chopin, Lassen, and others, joined Mr. Val Marriott, the popular violinist, in Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata. The brilliant performance of the first movement, and the delicate phrasing of the beautiful variations, were equally praiseworthy. Mlle. Lorenzi sang a dainty little song, entitled "Summer Roses," by E. Hawkins. Miss Kate Flinn's rendering of Bizet's song, "Chanson de Bohème" from "Carmen," gained much applause, as did the artistic vocalisation of Miss Hannah Jones in Gounod's song, "Entreat me not to leave thee." Mr. Egbert Robert's fine bass voice told well in a soldier's song by Mascheroni. A word of praise is due to Mr. Richard Hope, a rising tenor, and to Miss Muriel Wyford for her two clever recitations. Mr. Val Marriott played Wieniawski's "Romance and Rondo Élégant" in a most artistic style, and a new Suite from the pen of Miss Hawkins. We were much impressed by the second and third movements.

Sir Charles and Lady Hallé at Geelong.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

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ON Monday, June 15, Sir Charles and Lady Hallé made their second and final appearance at the Mechanics' Institute, assisted by Fraulein Marie Fillunger. Notwithstanding a counter-attraction, the hall was crowded to the doors, the dress circle seats having been all secured a few days after it became known that these artists had contemplated paying another visit to Geelong. The performers each received quite an ovation on their reappearance after such a lapse of time, thus fully convincing them that the music-loving people of Geelong were quick to recognise the undoubtedly exceptional talents of such high-class artists, with such a world-wide reputation, as to render criticism unnecessary. The impression left on the minds of those who were present was that it was a "musical treat" of an exceptional kind, which left its impressions indelibly on the minds of the music-loving section of the community, and many years will pass ere it fades away. The first item set down on the programme was a pianoforte selection—Grand "Waldstein" Sonata in C, Op. 53 (Beethoven), by Sir Charles Hallé. The first portion of this piece is *allegro con brio*, the second portion *introduzione adagio molto*, and the third, the rondo, *allegretto moderato*. The artistic performance of this selection stamped Sir Charles Hallé as an artist of the highest musical order, having a thorough mastery over the instrument, whether in the forte or pianissimo passages, all of which were given with a purity of tone, precision, and volume which kept the attention of the audience riveted throughout the entire performance, and excited rapturous applause at its termination. The second item on the programme was a song—"Die Junge Nonne" (Schubert), by Fraulein Marie Fillunger. This lady possesses a splendid soprano voice of high culture, and her rendition of this song was the means of exhibiting her fine quality of tone and expression to considerable advantage. She possesses a highly-trained voice, and her pleasing intonation is perfect, the words commencing "Wie braust durch die Wipfel der heulende Sturm" being distinctly pronounced, thus producing an excellent effect, and serving to denote training of a superior order. The next item was a violin solo, *Introduzione e Rondo Capriccioso* in A minor (Saint-Saëns), by Lady Hallé. It was evident that on the last occasion of their visit to this town this lady established herself as a great favourite, and on her appearance on this occasion she was welcomed back as an old friend, and justly received a very cordial reception from the audience. The soul-stirring music produced on the violin was listened to throughout with rapt attention, and the conclusion was the signal for hearty and highly-merited applause. The second portion of the programme commenced with a duet for piano and violin, *Andante and Rondo* in B flat (Dussek), by Sir Charles and Lady Hallé, which was excellently rendered. Songs—(a) "Orpheus with his Lute" (Sir Arthur Sullivan), (b) "Widmung" (Schumann), by Fraulein Marie Fillunger, were next rendered in a highly artistic manner, and produced a grand effect. Solo Pianoforte—(a) *Fantasia Impromptu* in C sharp minor (Chopin), (b) *Grand Study* in E flat (Paganini-Liszt), by Sir Charles Hallé, was another evidence of the highly artistic standard of excellence which that gentleman has attained. The next item was a solo (violin)—(a) *Cavatina* in D (Raff), (b) *Caprice Irlandais* (Vieuxtemps), by Lady Hallé. The last-named served to illustrate the superior excellence attained by long study and practice with the instrument, and leaves a grand im-

pression on the listener at the conclusion of the number. Each item on the programme was demanded by the audience, and on various occasions during the evening the request was gratefully acceded to. The concert terminated at about 10 P.M., all present being thoroughly entertained throughout the performance. The encores during the evening were as follows:—In Part I. Fraulein Fillunger gave "My true Love," a song very popular in England (by Dr. Hubert Parry), and Lady Hallé responded with Wieniawski's *Mazurka* in G. In Part II. Sir Charles and Lady Hallé's duet was followed by the Allegro from the "Stücke in Volkston" (Schumann); Fraulein Fillunger sang the "Lotus Flower" (Schumann); Sir Charles gave *Valse* in D flat (Chopin), and Lady Hallé repeated as a finale to the concert a portion of "St. Patrick's Day."

Sir Charles and Lady Hallé are two of the most particular musicians in regard to the instruments they play upon at their public performances. The celebrated Cremonese violin Lady Hallé uses was, as is well known, presented to her by the Duke of Edinburgh and some of his friends, and it has been valued at £2500. Sir Charles has also the best procurable pianoforte. It was played upon for the first time in public last night, and has been manufactured for this tour expressly by the renowned firm of John Broadwood & Sons, whose instruments have been preferred by the British Court during the last 160 years. In the "Waldstein" Sonata the richness and refined character of tone, throughout the whole compass of this instrument, were heard to exceptional advantage.

The Royal Academy Prize Distribution.

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THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN distributed the certificates to the successful students attending the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music. The gathering took place in the concert-hall of Alexandra house, Kensington Gore. Lord Charles Bruce (president of the Associated Board) received their Royal Highnesses. In the course of a speech he said that the two institutions had been working in unity during the past two years under the care of the Prince of Wales, and a better system of examination had been established in at least fourteen different centres scattered throughout the kingdom. The results had been most satisfactory, especially during the past year, showing how much the institutions were being appreciated. The Princess Christian then distributed the certificates to the successful students, some 200 in number. Mr. Threlfall having moved a vote of thanks to the Princess for attending and distributing the certificates, Prince Christian replied as follows:—"We are deeply sensible, the Princess and I, of the kind words we have just heard, and we ask you to accept our sincere thanks for them, and the assurance of our great gratification at being present here to-day. You are well aware of the great interest with which I and all the members of my family watch the steady progress of music in this country, and it is no small satisfaction to find that each year places it on a higher level. It is well known that there are institutions which gain popularity by making their examinations so easy and elementary that the certificates obtained are practically worthless. This reproach cannot be made against the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, for the successful candidates have passed through a severe and thorough examination, and there is no doubt that the honours gained by them are the result of real worth, including talent, hard work, and a fundamental knowledge of their subjects. I may add that the scheme of examinations is further valuable as it points out to students the manner in which their studies are hereafter to be continued. It is a source of real satisfaction to see two great institutions combining in perfect harmony,

and I venture to express the sincere hope that year by year their efforts may be crowned with increased success."

TRUTH COMMENTS.

"The prize-list of the Royal Academy of Music this year," remarks *Truth*, "is a portentous document of five folio pages, the columns of names printed moderately small, measuring lengthwise something like eight feet of type. The whole school—boys being reckoned as well as girls—numbers I believe five or six hundred pupils. Nevertheless, taking the female side alone, I find no fewer than one hundred and eleven carrying off bronze medals, and seventy taking silver medals, while nearly eighty other girls likewise are accorded certificates or other awards. The list was read out at unsparring length at the distribution on Wednesday; but when medals are given in this generous fashion, it would seem almost an economy of time and type if the names had been printed only of those who distinguished themselves by not taking awards. The Royal Academy of Music is, of course, never likely to emulate the typical boarding-school, where a pupil had given so much trouble during the year that the only prize open was one for 'punctual attendance.' But it is nevertheless certain that when one hundred and eighty medals in so moderately large an Academy are distributed in one afternoon on the female side alone—to say nothing of the eighty other lady and all the boy prize-winners—the value of a medal must be very greatly discounted. Nay, more; nineteen young ladies and fifteen boys had already gained all the honours the Royal Academy had to bestow, and their names accordingly could only be mentioned again. One of the girls took the 'Certificate of Merit,' which is described as 'the highest award of the Academy,' in 1887, and one of the boys received it as far back as 1886. It seems a grim satire upon these 'highest awards' that the pupils, doubtless wisely enough, have continued their studies, the one for four and the other five years longer. The present Principal must, of course, be held blameless in this matter, for the 'Certificates of Merit' in question were granted in the lively days of Sir George Macfarren. But when the highest honour which it is in the power of the Royal Academy to bestow upon a student has been given to a pupil who needs five more years' training, it is perfectly clear either that the distinction has been conferred very prematurely, or that the standard of excellence insisted upon for the 'Certificate of Merit' is absurdly low. At Trinity College, London, the honour list is of far more modest dimensions. There are only thirty-five certified and eleven associate pianists, and the numbers under the other heads are comparatively insignificant. At the College of Organists, out of seventy-eight candidates, only nine were successful, thus signifying a searching examination, which greatly enhances the value of the diploma of fellowship. At the Royal College of Music, now our premier training school for professional musicians, the wise decision has been come to not to distribute medals at all."

Stojowski in Scotland.

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MSTOJOWSKI, who made his *debut* on the 1st July at Princes Hall, has since been spending a few weeks in Scotland, where he stayed at the Athol Hydro-pathic establishment. There he met with a rather curious experience in the way of appreciation. Having several times been requested to take part in impromptu concerts, it happened that two or three days before leaving, while playing, a string in the instrument broke. The damage was repaired, and he was again asked to play. While playing his little melody, the landlady rushed into the room, stopped his playing, and closed the piano, saying, "You spoilt my piano once, you shan't spoil it again. Do you call this playing? Why, you play like a horse-boy!" The guests were enraged about the behaviour of this highly educated and musical Scotch matron, and did all they could to atone for the insult.

Bechstein wins the Action.

IMPORTANT JUDGMENT UNDER THE MERCHANDISE MARKS ACTS.

ON August the 7th, at the Clerkenwell Sessions House, Sir P. H. Edlin, Q.C., delivered judgment in a case which largely affects auctioneers selling goods under a particular name or stamp. The appellants, Anthony Tooth and Alphonso Tooth, appealed against two convictions by Mr. Newton, sitting, at Marlborough Street Police Court, adjudging them in each case to have had in their possession for sale a pianoforte to which a false trade description had been applied, contrary to the Merchandise Marks Act, 1887. Mr. Murphy, Q.C., Mr. Bankes, and Mr. J. H. Murphy were for the appellants; and Mr. Wynch, Q.C., Mr. Besley, and Mr. Macmorran for the respondent magistrate. The learned chairman, in delivering judgment said: "It appears that the appellants are partners, and carry on their business as auctioneers under the name of Oxenham, and that the two pianofortes in question were described in the catalogue, each according to the actual description upon it, and were to have been sold at the same auction, but they had been received from different persons, and the circumstances relating to their possession by the appellants have of course to be separately considered with reference to the issues raised in each appeal. The more important of these are mixed questions of law and fact. It could not be seriously disputed that these instruments were in the appellants' possession for sale, and had false trade descriptions applied to them within the meaning of the Act. The learned chairman, having referred to the fictitious marks as already described in our report, proceeded to say that the goods bore upon the face of them a false and fraudulent description. Fraud, however, is not a necessary ingredient of the offence charged here; and it was not suggested with respect to either instrument that the appellants were cognizant that the mark applied was false. The mere possession for sale of such spurious articles is *prima facie* an offence. Every person who has in his possession for sale any goods to which a false trade description is applied is to be deemed guilty of an offence against the Act, unless it be shown that he comes within one or other of the exculpatory subsections of the penal clause. These, therefore, need to be carefully observed. They are as follows:—'Unless he proves (a) that, having taken all reasonable precautions against committing an offence against this Act, he had at the time of the commission of the alleged offence no reason to suspect the genuineness of the trade mark or description; and (b) that on demand made by or on behalf of the prosecutor he gave all the information in his power with respect to the persons from whom he obtained such goods; or (c) that otherwise he had acted innocently.' We are not surprised to hear that opinions have differed as to the proper reading of these separately-lettered paragraphs. They add another to the thousand instances of the non-observance of the golden rule in the framing of Acts of Parliament, for it cannot be said of them that they are susceptible of only one interpretation. It may well be questioned whether 'c' is an alternative to 'b' or an adjunct to 'a', or the disjunct alternative to both 'a' and 'b' conjointly. It was contended for the appellants that the expression 'reasonable' should be applied with regard to the position of the individual possessed of the goods, and to the nature of his business. But this reading of the word, involving infinite distinctions, would be inconsistent with the context, and contrary, we think, to the manifest intention. The liabilities consequent on any infringement of the Act are the same with respect to 'every person,' and it is difficult to see why fewer precautions should be

required from one class of persons than from another. Auctioneers, like other dealers in miscellaneous wares, are not presumably experts in respect of the goods they sell, but their dealings may be not the less extensive in trade-marked articles— as is shown indeed in the very case before us, the same catalogue in which these pianofortes were entered for sale including thirteen other pianos by various makers. Another point arose with regard to the meaning and application of paragraph 'c,' 'that otherwise he had acted innocently'; and it was contended that these words should be read entirely apart from 'a' and 'b.' If this were so, and the word 'innocently' be applied simply in the sense ordinarily attaching to it, proof by the accused person—(a competent and presumably a credible witness on his own behalf)—that he was ignorant of the fictitious character of the description, or had no suspicion, would satisfy the expression, and suffice to exonerate him. The practical effect of this construction, therefore, would be to render the immediately preceding paragraphs in the sub-section of no force. Whatever the rules of grammar may demand, this would be contrary to the first principles to be observed in the construction of statutes. Nor is it difficult to conceive cases in which, while giving full effect to the requirements of the preceding parts, defence might still be open to the accused under the latter words. In our opinion, however, the circumstances do not admit of such defence in either of the present cases, and acting upon the construction of this enactment indicated above we must uphold both these convictions. It was admitted that when questioned the appellants had furnished all the information in their power, but they had had notice in the letters addressed to them relating to the 'Bechstein,' the 'Bergstein,' and other similar previous forgeries, that spurious and falsely marked pianofortes of German manufacture were being offered for sale in London, and yet they took no precautions to guard against the probability of imposture. Similar incaution is observable in their acceptance and exposure for sale of the alleged Schiedmayer piano. Here again there would have been no difficulty in making inquiries that would have resulted in the discovery of the fraud. The consigner was a stranger to them—a lady-like person, it was said—and the appellants showed their confidence by making her an advance of £8, but she never reappeared to claim the balance. She was, in fact, a fraudulent bailee, feloniously appropriating the instrument to her own use, and the counterfeit description had been affixed after it came into her possession. We accept it as a fact that the appellants had no suspicion that the descriptions were fictitious; but the real question for the purpose of defence was whether, 'having taken all reasonable precautions'—that is to say, after they had taken all reasonable precautions—they had no reason to suspect their genuineness, and it was for them to give proof of that. How stringent are the requirements may be learnt from this provision and the distinction to be here observed. It would seem that before the occurrence of these cases the full effect of the statute had not been sufficiently appreciated. As far as we know, this is the first time that it has been sought to enforce it by criminal proceedings against auctioneers; and as there is no imputation of bad faith, and orders have been made that the goods should be delivered to the prosecutor in the one case, and the rightful owner in the other, we shall reduce the penalty in each case to twenty shillings. The appellants must pay the costs."

IN our July number we endorsed the judgment given by Mr. Newton at Marlborough Street, which has now, on appeal, been upheld by Sir P. H. Edlin, Q.C. The pianoforte trade cannot but be satisfied with the result of the trial, and will feel that the reading of the Trade Marks Act by Sir P. H. Edlin, will effectually protect manufacturers against adventurers, who, by the means exposed in this action, endeavour to trade upon the established reputations of well-known firms.—ED.



Patents.

THIS list is specially compiled for the *Magazine of Music* by Messrs. Rayner & Cassell, patent agents, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom information relating to patents may be had gratuitously.

- 11,485. Improvements relating to mechanical musical instruments, and to apparatus whereby the operation thereof will be effected or permitted, upon the insertion of a coin into the same. Henry Harris Lake, Southampton Buildings, London. July 6th.
- 11,527. Improvements in the back and sounding-boards of pianos. Emil Strohfeldt, 447 Holloway Road, London. July 7th.
- 11,573. Improvements in apparatus for turning over the leaves of music. Gustav Ludwig Max Fouquet, 46 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. July 7th.
- 11,611. Improvements in pianofortes. Charles Dyke Barker, 8 Station Road, Croydon. July 8th.
- 12,037. Improvements in banjos. Frederick Myers, 55 Chancery Lane, London. July 15th.
- 12,087. An improved automatic adjustable combination action for organs. James Jepson Binns, 8 Quality Court, London. July 16th.
- 12,362. Improvements in stringed instruments. Charles Huelser, Temple Chambers, London. July 21st.
- 12,440. A new and easy system of notation of music, entitled the A, B, C, system of music. Henry Biggs, 9 'Hillsboro' Terrace, Landellis Road, East Dulwich, London. July 25th.
- 12,701. Improvements in upright pianofortes' action. Brooks Ltd., and James Alexander Cruickshank, 55 Chancery Lane, London. July 27th.
- 12,725. Improvements in pianofortes. George Caddick, 1 Quality Court, London. July 27th.
- 12,789. An improvement in connection with under dampers of pianofortes. Robert Bansal Allen, 60 Chancery Lane, London. July 28th.
- 12,974. Improvements in apparatus for facilitating the performance of music on pianofortes, harmoniums, and like instruments. George Macauley Cruickshanks, 62 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. July 31st.
- 12,976. Violin string saver. James Conley, 11 Back Elliott Street, Felling-on-Tyne. July 31st.

SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.

- 9485. Sutherland, musical instruments, 1890, 7
- 14,729. Roylance, bellows in musical instruments, 1890, 7
- 12,135. Sharp, concertinas, 1890, 7
- 15,010. Stratton, accordions, 1890, 9
- 4850. Barker (Dixon), organs, 1891, 9
- 8918. Lindemann, guitars, etc., 1891, 7

The above specifications published may be had of Messrs. Rayner & Cassell, patent agents, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., at the prices quoted.

Foreign Notes.

—o:—

MORITZ MOSZKOWSKI's new opera "Bobadil" has been accepted by the Court Opera in Berlin.

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THE great event of the month in Germany is, of course, the Bayreuth Festival. That Bayreuth is crowded with visitors, whose rooms have been engaged months beforehand, everybody knows; that "Parsifal," "Tristan and Isolde," and "Tannhäuser," were the operas chosen for performance; that the orchestra consists of one hundred and eight performers, the chorus of seventy-two, the ballet of sixty-four—all these particulars have been published many times over. The performances have been very wonderful, of course.

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THE members of the orchestra come from all parts. From Aberdeen to Washington is a "far cry"; and many nationalities are represented. There are players from Amsterdam, from Pesth, from Moscow, etc. etc.

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IT is said that next year's Festival is to consist of exactly the same performances, and that the same performers are engaged to take part in it.

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THE scene-shifting, lighting, dressing, in fact the whole stage-management, is described as very wonderful. The stage is very large, and effects of distance can therefore be successfully given. The Venusberg scene was very beautiful, the dancing graceful, and the grouping extremely artistic.

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LOHENGREN is to be given at the Paris Opéra at the end of August, according to present arrangements.

* * *

SIGNOR GALLIGNANI, of Milan, has been appointed director of the Conservatoire of Parma, in place of the lamented Faccio, whose death took place a short time ago. The latter artist had only held this position a very short time, when his fatal illness came on. His friend Boito has been fulfilling his duties for some time, so that Signor Gallignani may almost be said to have succeeded Bottesini, the last director Faccio having been unfortunately only the nominal head of affairs.

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MESSRS. ABBEY AND GRACE have engaged the following artists for their American tour:—*Sopranos*, Mmes. Albani, Eames, Lilli Lehmann, etc.; *Contraltos*, Mmes. Scalchi, De Vigne, and Ravagli; *Tenors*, MM. Valero, Capoul, Gianini-Grifoni, Kalisch, and perhaps M. Jean de Reszke; *Baritones*, MM. Martapoura and Carbone; *Basses*, MM. Vinche, Serbolini, Viviani, Vaschetti, and perhaps M. Edouard de Reszke. The chorus is to consist of eighty voices, there are to be thirty *danseuses*, the orchestra is to number sixty-five, and there is to be a military band of thirty. Thirty-two works are to be performed during the tour. These are "Fidelio," "Don Juan," "The Marriage of Figaro," "Lohengrin," "The Meistersinger," "Gioconda," "Romeo and Juliet," "Faust," "The Huguenots," "Dinorah," "L'Africaine," "Le Prophète," "Carmen," "Mefistofele," "Mignon," "Sigurd," "Lakmé," "La Juive," "Orphée," "Le Cid," "Fra Diavolo," "Aida," "Il Trovatore," "Otello," "La Traviata," "Rigoletto," "La Sonnambula," "Lucrezia Borgia," "La Favorita," "Norma," "The Barber of Seville," and "Cavalleria Rusticana." The first performances to be at Chicago on the 9th of November, and after performing there for five weeks, the company is to proceed to New York, where they begin a season of thirteen weeks at the Metropolitan Opera House.

A CONTEMPORARY states that Teresa Carreno played at eighty-nine concerts and forty public rehearsals last season, in Russia, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Scandinavia. She has been called a "piano Valkyrie."

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A JEWISH Opera Company lately performed a new opera in Boston—"Judith and Holofernes." The programmes were in Hebrew, which must have been rather unintelligible to many of the audience, one would think! The opera was sung in German.

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THE distribution of prizes for this year at the Paris Conservatoire took place on the 3rd of August. Various gifts and legacies of money, from the value of 120 fr. up to 1200 fr., were given. In some cases the money was divided among two or more prize-holders, as in the case of the Popelin prize of 1200 fr., which was distributed among six young ladies (pianists). Three violins were presented by MM. Gand and Bernadet, and the same generous donors gave a violoncello; the houses of Erard and Pleyel, as usual, each gave two pianos. The pride and pleasure of the young recipients of these valuable gifts may be imagined.

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M. ALPHONSE DU VERNON, the well-known composer, who is professor of piano at the Conservatoire, has been named "Chevalier de la Légion d'honneur."

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THE death of M. Auguste Vitu, one of the oldest and best-known journalists of Paris, took place in that city on the 5th of August. His end was hastened by the consequences of a fall which he had several months ago, but he has been in bad health for a long time, though he worked on to the last. He was sixty-eight years old, and had been connected with the theatre in one way or another since his boyhood. He had long been the dramatic and musical critic of the *Figaro*. For some time he had published his critical writings in book form under the title, *Les Mille et une Nuits du Théâtre*; eight volumes of this collection of criticisms have appeared. He was a great authority on all matters connected with the history of the theatre in France.

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THE death is announced of Professor August Haupt, one of the most distinguished of German musicians in his own domain, organ playing. His pupils are numerous and distinguished, and it is not too much to say that in all parts of the world there will be mourners for the aged and beloved master. He was in the eighty-first year of his age.

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RUBINSTEIN has obtained eleven months' leave of absence from St. Petersburg.

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THE Berlin Meyerbeer Scholarship of 4500 marks, to be devoted to study in other countries, has been awarded to Herr Martin Heinrich Grabert.

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At the Brussels International Musical Competition on the 21st of July there were 140 musical societies and 30 military bands announced to take part in the proceedings.

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HERR ADOLF BLASSMANN, the musical critic of the *Dresdener Zeitung*, and a well-known composer and teacher, died in Dresden lately, at the age of sixty-eight.

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THE new Stadttheater in Zurich, is to be opened on the 1st of October. The first piece to be performed is "Don Carlos," the first opera "Lohengrin."

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"IL MONDO ARISTICO" writes: In 1851 Verdi's new opera, "Rigoletto," was given at the Fenice Theatre at Venice. The first three acts went so well at the rehearsal that only a few days before the performance a whole evening was given up to the study of the fourth act. "But how is this, maestro?" asked

the tenor, Mirate, glancing at his first part; "there ought to be a solo for me here, and I cannot find it." "You will have it some other time," answered Verdi; "have patience." Mirate waited a few days, but no solo appeared. On the eve of the first performance he declared to all on the stage that he would not act if he did not receive the promised song. "Here it is," murmured Verdi, taking a manuscript from his pocket, "but swear to study it without any one hearing you; do not learn to sing it while walking in the street, on the staircase, at the café, or while sitting in the gondola. Before to-morrow's general rehearsal nobody must know of it." Mirate promised, gave a hasty glance at the music, and he understood Verdi. When, on the following night, the violins played the prelude to the song, Mirate was in his best style, and began to sing "La donna è mobile." The applause was so great that the tenor found it difficult to go on after the first verse. The air of this song being so light and easy to remember, Verdi was afraid of letting it be heard out of doors before the first representation of the opera had taken place.

* * *

DR. SCHUCK, a great friend of Meyerbeer, relates the following anecdote in the *Neue Musikzeitung*:—It is perhaps unknown that a woman's vengeance was the cause that one of Meyerbeer's operas is now never heard. One day in 1818, Meyerbeer told me that while the rehearsals for his new opera, "Romilda and Costanza," were going on at Padua, the prima donna made up her mind to marry him, if possible, before the first performance, although he had never given her cause to expect such a thing. The more distinct she made her intention to him, the more resolute he became towards her. He never suspected the bad effects this would have on the fate of this opera, especially as everything went on smoothly. The night of the first representation arrived. Notwithstanding the great heat of a June day, all Padua was present to hear the work of the young German composer. The curtain was raised, but, oh horrors! the artists began to sing as if they could not stand their sufferings and fatigue. The trombone, trumpets, cymbals, and drum completed the disorder. Everything went wrong; trumpets broke silence, and began to sound in the middle of an aria; a trombone was heard, then a drum, and at last the cymbals, clashing in a terrible way. The audience, at first greatly amused, grew tired of this "charivari," and showed its disapproval in the usual fashion. Meyerbeer afterward discovered that he owed this "fiasco" to the prima donna, who had influenced all the members of the opera to help her in this vengeance. As to the opera, it was completely lost; no manager would take up a work which had been so badly received in another town.

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THE first part of Richard Heredia's (Count of Benahavis) beautiful library has been sold at the Hotel Drouot, Paris. Among other rare works was *Comienza el libro Clamado de Claracion de Instrumentos Musicales*, etc., composed by the monk Juan Bermudo in 1555. This precious volume contains an account of the state of music in Spain before the year 1555. It was purchased, to the surprise of all present, for the price of 2150 francs for the Paris Conservatoire.

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IN the Royal Library at Brussels there has just been found a libretto of an early Italian opera, bearing the title "L'Ermione Raquista, drama del Musica, Rappresentato nel teatro di Braunschweig, Wolfenbuttel Stampato per Gaspero Giovanni Bismarck, 1690." *L'Echo Musicale* asks the question, Was this old printer one of the ancestors of the Prussian Chancellor?

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A REPORT has been current that a hitherto unknown musical work by Wagner has been discovered by Madame Cosima at Bayreuth. This is an error. It is said, however, that a brief composition by Liszt (a development of a theme from his 121st Psalm) has been found amongst Wagner's papers, and was recently played privately for the first time at Bayreuth.

The Enharmonium.

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IT is curious that it should have been left for a Japanese scientist to construct a keyed instrument which can be played in "just intonation" on a principle fairly easy for competent musicians to grasp. The enharmonic organs that have hitherto been achieved, from the days of Mersenne to our own, have one and all been beyond the powers of those who have not devoted years to special practice on their complicated keyboards. Dr. Shōhei Tanaka, who was a student at the Berlin University, has patented and exhibited to experts in Germany and England an arrangement of the keyboard which, while altering the well-known aspect of things as little as possible, enables harmonies in all keys to be played without the famous compromise known as "equal temperament"—a compromise, by the way, upon which much that is essential in modern music depends. By an ingenious division of the "black notes," and the addition of a single short key between E and F, the octave is provided with 20 digitals, the sounds producible from which are further increased to 26 by a pedal, or, rather "knee-swell" attachment (the instrument to which the invention is applied is a harmonium). The keyboard as it stands allows all the chords related, even distantly, to C major to be played, and a transposing arrangement puts at the player's disposal all other keys and their derivatives in the same fulness. A remarkably sensible and easily understood addition to the ordinary notation of music enables fairly competent musicians to play on the new keyboard without any preparation, and, of course, with practice, even this device will hardly be necessary. The felicitous name given to the instrument is said to be the suggestion of Dr. Hans von Bülow. The invention should be of the greatest possible use in the practice of music to be performed without accompaniment, and to all scientific students. There seems no reason why an instrument of small compass should not be constructed on the new principle at a moderate cost.

Wagnerite Pilgrim.

THE HOUSE* SOLD OUT.

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MATTERS seem now to have been settled in regard to the dispute between the German Societies and Madame Wagner. The Central Committee of the Wagner Societies held a meeting at Bayreuth on the 8th ult., and a resolution was passed that members of the Association should have the first right of buying seats till May 15, after which they will be offered to the public. The squabble, it will be recollect, arose in consequence of the fact that the whole of the seats for the present performance had been sold out. The gold of Britain and America, in point of fact, had ousted the unsophisticated Wagnerite, who came as usual to Bayreuth in the full expectation of securing a ticket, and of hearing the music which his soul loved, when he was met with the awful news that the house had been entirely sold out. It is true that the Bayreuth administration offered one consolation. The free seats provided by Wagner for impecunious though faithful musicians, were at once placed at the disposal of the disappointed disciples, but only for a consideration, viz., of £2 per seat per night instead of £1. The hotel waiters at Nuremberg and elsewhere have also done a lively trade in speculating in tickets, frequently receiving £5 for a £1 seat.

There is, however, small wonder that Madame Wagner has treated the members of the Associations

somewhat cavalierly. It seems the membership is falling off very materially. In 1889 the Central Association comprised 203 societies in various parts of the world, but now it has dwindled down to 192 societies, the total membership being 7620. Considering that upwards of 3000 seats were sold for the present festival in Bond Street alone, it is clear that the Bayreuth performances now appeal to the general public, and are practically independent of a whole-world-membership of 7600 souls all told. Another complaint seems to have been made at Bayreuth, that the sacred German stronghold has been invaded by the foreigner in an artistic sense. In Wagner's time the orchestra was derived almost exclusively from Munich. Now, however, only one or two performers come from that opera-house, and the band is drawn from such out-of-the-way places as Pesth and Amsterdam, Washington and Moscow, and even from Aberdeen in Scotland.

Frau Sucher and Siegfried Wagner.

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THE incoming managers of the Paris Opera House will try to secure Frau Sucher, who has been singing at Bayreuth, when they bring out the works of Wagner there. She would be an ideal Isolde if she only understood the scene. Her gifts are a splendid physique, beauty, and a rich and brilliant voice which does not easily tire, and which does its work without apparent effort. She is the soul of music. But her gestures mar her vocal effects, and her clumsiness of action and her bad taste in dressing herself spoil her heavenly gifts. It is a question whether, if she were engaged, and consented to place herself under training, her general manner of behaving on the stage and her byplay would ever meet the taste of a French audience. Siegfried Wagner is turning out a great musical artist, and so he should if there is anything in the principle of heredity. He is the son of Wagner, and the grandson of Liszt, with whom his grandmother ran away because his pianoforte playing was to her as the tones of Orpheus's lyre to the trees which they set dancing. She was a De Flavigny on the French side, and a Bethmann on the side of her mother, who was of a great banking family of Frankfort, which distinguished itself for its patronage of musicians. Madame Wagner and her sister, the late Madame Emile Ollivier, were counted twenty-five years ago the best amateur pianists in Europe. Master Siegfried inherits their slenderness of form, tallness, long and cameo-like features, and refinement. If his voice fulfills the promise it now gives, he will surpass the late Signor Mario as a lady-killing tenor.

The Septonate and the Centralisation of the Tonal System.

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M. JULIUS KLAUSER, of Farmington, Conn., has issued from the publishing house of Rohlfing & Sons, Milwaukee, a handsome volume, entitled *The Septonate and the Centralisation of the Tonal System*. He describes this as a new view of the fundamental relations of tones, and a simplification of the theory and practice of music. Our space will not permit a detailed review of the work. It may, however, be stated that Mr. Klauser, ten years ago, completed a scheme for a new piano method, but it did not satisfy the author, and was not published. Afterwards, in amplification of his first idea, the author decided to undertake what he describes as an exact psychological analysis of the musical sense and faculties, of the primal relations of tones, and of the inter-relations of

rhythm, melody, and harmony. As years passed on, his investigations involved him in the entire field of musical research, and the topic and materials grew too numerous to arrange in a single publication. Four years ago he decided to extract *The Centralisation of the Tonal System* from his larger work for separate treatment. Mr. Klauser adds: "Fifteen years ago I began to analyse the scale halves, or tetrachords that divide the scale into two equal halves. My conception of the Tonic as a 'central' tone, and of the Septonate soon followed, and 'centralisation' once begun, the entire system of all the theoretical problems at once became implicated. Through musico-psychological analyses, I claim to have presented musical relations as they are and always have been felt, heard, and thought; to have discovered in the scale-half and Septonate an important chapter preceding the scale; to have added new principles to music; and to have erected a new structure of the Tonal System." The plan and intent of the volume will consequently be clear.

Huddersfield Subscription Concerts.

AN ENTERPRISING PROGRAMME.

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THE Huddersfield Subscription Concerts, which will take place during the winter at the Town Hall, Huddersfield, will consist, as usual, of twelve musical performances and a conversazione. Considering that the serial tickets for these concerts are fixed at from 10s. for the unreserved to 50s. for the best balcony seats, the enterprise of Mr. John Watkinson deserves to be recorded. The prospectus compares the Huddersfield concerts with similar ones in neighbouring towns; for instance, in Bradford, where the subscription for seats averages 2s. 3d., and in Leeds, where the subscription averages 6s. 3d., while at Huddersfield it is only 3s. 1d. At the Patti concert, to be given at Huddersfield on September 3, the vocalists, besides Madame Patti, will be Mdlle. Titien, Madame Patey, Messrs. Lely and Novara, Mesdames de Pachmann and Levallois. The concerts will commence on September 23 with a violin recital by Mr. Sarasate and Madame Marx. This will be followed by a concert by the Nikita troupe on October 6, and on the 20th a performance by the London Ballad Concert party, including Mesdames Mary Davies, Sterling, and Gomez, Messrs. Piercy, Chilley, and Maybrick, with Madame Zoe Caryll pianist, and Miss Nettie Carpenter violinist. On November 17, Mr. Daniel Mayer's party will give a concert. They include Messrs. Schönberger, Ysaye, and Gérard, and Madame Amy Sherwin. Mr. Lloyd's party will sing on January 19, and Mr. de Jong's band from Manchester will play on February 16. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel will give a vocal recital on February 20. On March 1 a concert will be given by the London Military Band, and on the 15th a concert is announced by the Bauer family. Besides these, there will be entertainments by Mr. Furniss and Mr. George Grossmith, and on January 5 an amateur concert, on which occasion all the cash receipts will be divided among the local charities.

A MEMORIAL tablet in honour of Robert Schumann has just been placed in the composer's "Stammkneipe" in the "Kaffeebaum" at Leipsic. Schumann used to sit in this room, evening after evening, in the circle of the "Davidsbündler" from 1833 to 1840. After his marriage his visits were less regular, though the Kaffeebaum still occasionally attracted him. Whenever he went from Dresden to Leipsic he always put in an appearance at the old place. The tablet is ornamented with a lyre and a swan, and the names of the "Davidsbündler" are engraved upon it.

Music in New Zealand.

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(To the Editor of the "Magazine of Music.")

DUNEDIN, JUNE 1, 1891.

EAR SIR,—At this season one expects to be surrounded with music on every side, and indeed in this respect I have not been disappointed, for what with invitations to final rehearsals and performances, up till this period my couch of repose has for me little of its charms, and only puts me in mind of Gilbert and Sullivan's patter song in "Iolanthe," with the difference that in my fancied sleep I hear phrases of Schubert's String Quintet.

Writing of this particular composition brings to my mind the fact that I have not written to you about the series of chamber concerts given by Signor Squarise and Herr Barmeyer. The promoters have every reason to be satisfied with the result, for at the closing performances the audience increased greatly, and on the evening of the 20th inst. the hall was filled to the fullest extent, it being the last of the series.

Amongst other works performed were:—Piano solos—Ballade, Op. 52, Chopin; Fantasie, Op. 15, Schubert; Carnival, Schumann. Trios—Mendelssohn, Op. 49; Beethoven, Op. 8, 9, 36; "Prout" Quintet, Schubert; String Quintet, Schubert; Grand Sonata, violin and piano, Schumann.

The Liedertafel gave concert on the 22nd inst. The programme consisted of two parts; the second part being David's "Desert," under the conductorship of Mr. A. J. Barth, "The Warrior's Prayer" (Lachner) being excellently rendered in the first part.

The Orchestral Society gave their first concert of the series on the 26th inst. to a very large audience, the best number being Overture to "Merry Wives of Windsor."

We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of Madame Patey and her concert company. They have been enthusiastically received in the north.

Since I have no more news to write, I shall finish this small letter, and subscribe myself

T. N. S.

Music in Australia.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

—:o:—

THE concerts of Sir Charles and Lady Hallé have been the principal attraction to the musical public of the colonies during the past month. The Melbourne season opened early in June, and about ten concerts in all were held there. At some of these, in addition to the principal artists, local instrumentalists were introduced, and trios and quintets were played; also, on more than one occasion, Sir Charles Hallé conducted an orchestra of some sixty performers that had somewhat hurriedly been called together. Fräulein Marie Fillunger was the vocalist.

The first concert in Sydney was held in the Centennial Hall, on the 25th of June. Owing to the great amount of seating accommodation in this building, the management were enabled to fix popular prices (3s., 2s. and 1s.) for admission, and in consequence large audiences have been present at each concert. It was indeed remarkable to find in Australia, which so many English people look upon as a waste howling wilderness so far as art is concerned, a magnificent hall, with some 3000 people listening attentively and with evident appreciation to the Kreutzer Sonata of Beethoven, rendered by two such famous interpreters of classical music as Sir Charles and Lady Hallé. Nor was this an exceptional occasion, for an average attendance of some 2500 has been kept up during the Sydney season. In addition to Fräulein Fillunger, whose cultured voice and artistic style have been universally admired, Madame Marian Burton has appeared at these concerts. This lady has become quite a favourite with Australian

audiences, having obtained great success in light opera, as well as upon the concert platform. Madame Burton will shortly return to England. So far as Sydney is concerned, the Hallés have been received with much greater enthusiasm than on their previous visit, and they must feel gratified with the large attendance at their concerts. No doubt great good will be done in fostering a love of high-class music for its own sake. A large share of the success of the concerts may be attributed to the excellent management of Mr. R. S. Smythe, who has charge of the Sydney arrangements.

In the earlier part of June a young Australian pianist, Mr. Ernest Hutcheson, has given a series of concerts in Melbourne, Sydney, and other places in the colonies. He is still a student at Leipzig, and will return thither when his present tour is brought to a close.

Mr. Wiegand, the new city organist, has arrived in Sydney, and his first recital is fixed for the 18th of July.

The concerts of the Victorian Orchestra have been continued in Melbourne, but the attendance has been very small.

Early in June a concert of the Melbourne Metropolitan Liedertafel was held, under the direction of Mr. Julius Herz. The principal work performed was Goetz's cantata, "The Water Lily." Miss Lalla Miranda sang the valse from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," and took the solo part in the cantata.

Amongst the lesser concerts given in Melbourne during the past month may be mentioned a military concert, organised by Mr. Phil. Langdale, and a concert given by the choir of the Caledonian Society, conducted by Mr. T. J. Hammond, at which selections from Hamish McCunn's "Bonny Kilmeny" were given for the first time in the colony.

Notes from Leeds.

—:o:—

IT is not often that there is anything to chronicle in the Leeds musical world in the summer months, but the recent musical services in connection with the jubilee of the rebuilding of the old Parish Church must not be passed over in complete silence. The *Magazine of Music* has, of course, nothing to do with ordinary church services, and it is of no use detailing the numerous bishops, canons, and other great guns who came and assisted in the pulpit and otherwise, but those services set apart for music were evidently of general interest, if one may judge by the enormous congregations and the clamouring for tickets of admission. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was chosen by common consent, and was twice performed entire, and if not exactly a church oratorio, it has undeniable soul-stirring properties which make it welcome wherever good expressive music is appreciated. The fine choir attached to the church was augmented up to the number of about one hundred voices, and rendered a very good account of themselves. The soprano part was ably filled by Mrs. Shaw; Mrs. Creser was equally good in the alto part; while Mr. John Child and Mr. John Browning—the principal tenor and bass of the choir—were excellent in their respective parts. Dr. Creser laboured hard and successfully to secure a good performance, and the accompaniments were played in a markedly masterly manner by Mr. Alfred Benton on the organ. An organ recital was also given by Dr. E. J. Hopkins after Evening Prayer on one occasion.

The clergy and churchwardens have since presented Dr. Creser with a handsome copy of Spitta's *Life of Bach*, as a mark of appreciation of his efforts during the jubilee.

LUDWIG MICHALECK, a well-known German etcher, has just completed a portrait of Mozart, which, although thoroughly unconventional, is the result of comprehensive studies of the ever varying features of the most vivacious and spiritual of the great composers, as represented in different portraits taken from life. Michaleck, who has also etched a remarkable head of Beethoven, is now engaged upon a portrait of Johannes Brahms.

Meyerbeer's Birth.

—:o:—

THE Meyerbeer Centenary in Paris has again given rise to a discussion as to the correct date of Meyerbeer's birth. The whole thing was thrashed out immediately after Meyerbeer's death in 1864, a fact which some of the young lions of the press naturally are not able to recollect. The mistake of supposing that Meyerbeer was born in 1794 arose from the programme of a concert given on October 14, 1800, in Berlin, at which the future composer appeared as a juvenile prodigy. Young Jacob Beer (who had been adopted by Meyer—not the celebrated Daniel of that ilk—and was then a pupil of Lauska, himself a pupil of Clementi) was announced in the programme of this concert of 1800 as being in his seventh year. The mistake might have been intentional, and, at any rate, it has happened in the case of other juvenile prodigies. In 1803 and 1804 young Meyerbeer gave two other concerts, at one of which he was heard by the Abbé Vogler. It is, however, tolerably certain that he was really born in 1791, and a certificate of his birth, taken from the Jewish register in Berlin, was, after his death in 1864, published in one of the Paris papers. His family, moreover, likewise declared he was born in 1791. There was afterwards a difficulty about the day of the month. Most writers gave his birthday as September 5, but the certificate in question declares he was born on September 23, 1791. It is possible that some confusion may have arisen between the actual date of birth and the registration of the Jewish ceremony of circumcision.

The De Reszkes.

—:o:—

A GOOD deal of interest will attach to the visit of the De Reszkes, the Ravagli, and other artists of the Covent Garden troupe to the United States. It is well known that Mr. Abbey is in the habit of paying very high salaries, far larger, indeed, than could possibly be given in England. More than once a visit to America has led to a practical withdrawal of the artist from operatic life in England. For example, since Madame Patti received £1000 nightly, and Madame Sembrich received, if we recollect, £300 nightly, neither of these favourite artists has been permanently attached to an opera troupe in this country. The price of vocalists is always apt to rise, but the charges for admission to the opera-house must remain stationary. No impresario has ever been known to make a fortune out of Italian opera in England, and the prudent manager would seek to cut down rather than to increase expenses. It is, perhaps, for this reason that Sir A. Harris has taken the precaution to have several of his contracts signed before his artists visit the United States. So far as Mr. J. de Reszke is concerned, the only difference the American engagement will make is a loss to Paris. The popular Polish tenor will not sing again in the French capital for a considerable period, and his participation even in the Meyerbeer Centenary is now extremely doubtful. Artists, after all, have to look to the main chance. In the United States, Mr. J. de Reszke will, it is understood, receive a salary of £400 a night. His salary in Paris is said to be £400 per month. Art, as read through French spectacles, may no doubt be a very grand affair, but the money point of view cannot entirely be left out of count. Until, therefore, France is willing to pay more adequate salaries, it must put up with artists of the second rank.

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Ox Minuet
by
Jos. HAYDN.

ULLABY.
Music by
JOHN MORE SMIETON.

London.
MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
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“LIEDCHEN.”

SONG.

HARRY A. THOMSON, Op. 1. No. 5.

Moderato.

GESANG.
VOICE.

1. Es blickt so still der Mond mich an, es fliesst so still der Rhein, der
klagt so sanft die Nach - ti - gall im hel - len Mon - den - schein, mir
1. The Rhine flows swift - ly to the sea. The moon a-waits the dawn. The
night - in-gale's com-plaint is sweet, She sings from eve till morn, Her

PIANO.

sempre **p**

Fi - scher-kna - be steht im Kahn so mut - ter-see - len - al - lein. Ich
bebt das Herz beim sü - ssen Schall, so mut - ter-see - len - al - lein. Im
fish - er - lad stands in his boat So lone - ly and for - torn. My
silv - er notes pierce this my heart, So lone - ly and for - torn. The

sitz' am Ro - cken trau - rig bang, im stil - len Käm - mer - lein, das
Na - chen steht der Fi - scher-knab', blickt träu - mend in den Rhein, ich
spin - ningwheel is heard no more, For all my peace is gone; My
fish - er - lad hangs down his head, His face with grief is worn. I

0.5.

Räd - chen mir nicht schnur-ren will, so mut - ter-see-len-al - lein. Wärst du bei mir, wär' sitz' am Fen - ster, wei - ne still, so mut - ter-see-len-al - lein. Wärst du bei mir, wär' eyes are sore with tears un-shed I'm lone ly and for - lorn. Wert thou with me, my sit and weep to think that he, Is lone - ly and for - lorn. Wert thou with me, my

ich bei dir, du lie - ber Kna - be mein, du ständst nicht dort, ich säss' nicht hier so ich bei dir, du lie - ber Kna - be mein, du ständst nicht dort, ich säss' nicht hier so fish - er love, Had'st ne'er from me been torn, Thou'd not stand there, I'd not sit here All fish - er love, Had'st ne'er from me been torn, Thou'd not stand there, I'd not sit here All

1.

mut - ter-see-len-al - lein. lone - ly and for - lorn.

2. rall.

2. Es mut - ter-see-len-al - lein.
2. The lone - ly and for - lorn.

colla voce dim. e rall.

OX MINUET.

Maestoso. M. M. $\frac{3}{4}$ = 112.
M. M. $\frac{3}{4}$ = 112.

JOS. HAYDN.

The music is composed for two staves: treble and bass. The tempo is marked as Maestoso with a metronome of M. M. $\frac{3}{4}$ = 112. The key signature changes throughout the piece, including C major, G major, and F major. The dynamics and performance instructions include:

- Staff 1 (Treble):**
 - Measure 1: f
 - Measure 2: $8f$
 - Measure 3: p
 - Measure 4: $(a) 232 tr$
 - Measure 5: mp
 - Measure 6: $(a) 282$
 - Measure 7: $(b) 2 321+ \infty$
 - Measure 8: $(c) 3212$
 - Measure 9: fz
 - Measure 10: **Fine.**
- Staff 2 (Bass):**
 - Measure 1: f
 - Measure 2: $8f$
 - Measure 3: p
 - Measure 4: $(a) 232$
 - Measure 5: mp
 - Measure 6: $(a) 282$
 - Measure 7: fz
 - Measure 8: $(c) 3212$
 - Measure 9: fz
 - Measure 10: **Fine.**

Below the bass staff, there are three small diagrams labeled (a), (b), and (c), each showing a different hand position or finger pattern for the bass line.

Trio.

(a) 232 *tr.* *p dolce*

To my daughter GLADYS.

* "ULLABY."

JOHN MORE SMIETON.

Andantino, semplice.

PIANO.

PIANO.

Andantino, semplice.

p

con Pedale

mf

p

fp

dim. e rit.

* See notes on "How to Practise" in letterpress part.

a tempo

mf

cresc.

f

mf

cresc.

f

mf

mf

p

dim.

p *più p*

rit.

sfz

a tempo



Andante molto.



THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

The British and Colonial Music Trade Journal

VOL. 8.

OCTOBER, 1891.

NO. 10.

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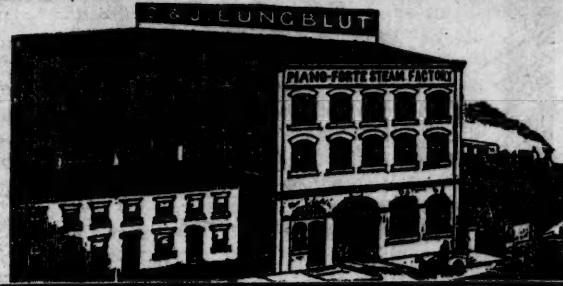
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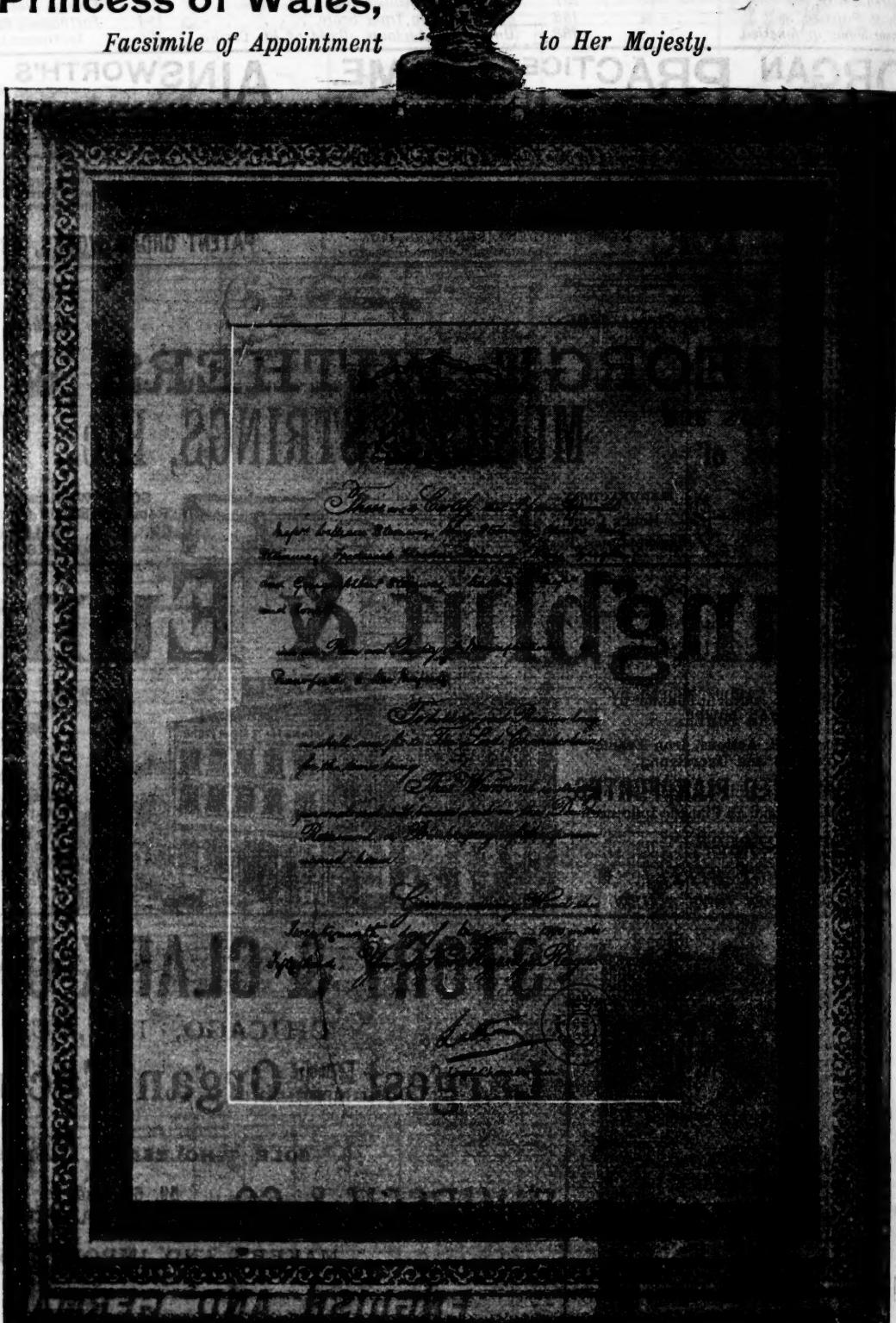
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